

THE DEVIL IS MAKING CITY

魔王様の街づくり!

5

～最強のダンジョン
は近代都市～

著 月夜 涙

絵 ふーみ

Demon Lord's Town Planning!

– The Strongest Dungeon is a Modern City –

- Volume 5 - The Bride of [Creation]

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クイナ、届いたの。

やっと、ちゃんとした天狐になった

天狐

クイナ



【創造】の魔王

プロケル

【獣】の魔王

マルコシアス

これからもよろしく、プロケル



STATUS

RACE

CELESTIAL WOLF

RANK

S

NAME

FELSIAS

LEVEL

72

PHYSICAL STRENGTH

A+

ENDURANCE

A

AGILITY

S

MAGIC POWER

A

LUCK

A

SPECIAL

S+

SKILLS

WOLF KING / TIME CONTROL / ATOMIC MOTION
CONTROL / ULTRA-RAPID REACTION / BEAST
TRANSFORMATION



Prologue

Things gained in the War

My city of Avalon was challenged into a war by the neighboring city.

The enemy had prepared an army of over 3000 soldiers. They had also gathered as part of their fighting force more than 30 hero-class adventurers.

Meanwhile, the monsters of Avalon didn't even number a hundred. Clearly, there was vast difference with our fighting forces in terms of numbers.

During that seemingly desperate situation however, my monsters gave their all and won the war for me.

After Avalon had secured victory, we held a celebration party that lasted until the next morning.

Together with Kuina, Rorono, and Aura, I slipped out early from the celebration party and made use of the festive bustle as my lullaby for a peaceful sleep.



Having reached a point I could put a pause on my worries, I had enjoyed, after a long while, a rather fresh awakening.

“Mmnya, Oto-san”

“Master... Orichalcum... Not enough...”

“Mufufu. Kuina-chan and Rorono-chan's sleeping faces are the best. If they don't wake up soon, I'm afraid I'll end up doing some mischief.”

While they peacefully sleep-talked, Kuina the Celestial Fox and Rorono the Dwarf Smith each held to an arm of mine.

On the other hand, Aura the Ancient Elf who was already awake enjoyed the sight of their sleeping faces.

These three were my very important [Monsters of the Covenant]. They were my dear daughters.

“Ah, master, good morning.”

“You’re up quite early.”

“Yes. It’s because I have to go attend to the orchard soon.”

Aura who had already risen up greeted me so.

Appearing as though she was a girl in the middle of her teens, she looked quite older and more developed than the rest of the monsters I had made.

She wore as her nightwear a black negligee she had liked and then procured from another city. I would never think of doing anything indecent to her, my daughter, but in her current attire, it was proving rather difficult to keep my eyes from wandering.

Objectively speaking though, the black negligee suited Aura’s blond hair and jade-green eyes.

“Mornin’, Oto-san!”

Kuina woke up to the sound of our conversation and got up as well.

Her fox ears and tail were already so spry so early in the morning.

Kuina also wore a new pajama. Hers looked like some kind of penguin costume.

It suited the innocent and cute Kuina who appeared to be in the first half of her teens but for a fox to wear a penguin costume, I couldn’t help but ask *what’s up with that*.

“Oto-san, what’s wrong?”

“Nothing; it’s just that Kuina’s so cute”

“Yay ♪ I love you, Oto-san!”

Kuina then energetically embraced me and pressed her cheek against my chest, all while swinging her fox tail. *Yeah, what does that matter when she's this adorable?*

"Kuina, you're so noisy this early in the morning"

Rorono too awoke from the noise and got up.

As for her pajama, she prioritized practicality over appearance. Hers was an easy-to-breath-in pajama with soft materials. It looked like something she would really pick.

Nonetheless, it had drawn out the fairy-like charm of her slender body. Her being flat-chested wasn't so bad.

"Master, it's embarrassing if you stare at me like that."

Rorono, the shy person that she was, blushed slightly.

"Sorry, it's just that I thought your new pajama suited you and that you looked cute in it."

"...thank you."

She then reached her limit and bowed down to hide her face. Seeing her act like that almost made me want to tease her.

"By the way Oto-san, you still haven't fulfilled your promise."

"My promise?"

"Geez, your promise with Kuina! You said you'll let Kuina touch your wings."

"Oh yeah, I did promise that, didn't I?"

By feeding on the souls of the thousands of soldiers who experienced utmost despair during the previous war, my power had increased tremendously.

Along with that was also the growth of my wings.

Ominous, jet-black wings that were covered by some kind of demonic coating.

As of this moment, the wings were nowhere to be seen.

When I had thought they were a hindrance, they disappeared. The tremendous power I gained however remained within me; I could feel it swirling within.

“Oto-san, let Kuina touch the wings now!”

“Master, I’m also interested in it.”

“Me too!”

The three looked at me with sparkling eyes. *Can’t be helped.*

“Alright, you can touch the wings as much as you want.”

For some reason, I instinctively knew just how to call out the wings.

And so, I focused my power into my back. The power locked within me then began to grow wild, heading to the back of my body. It felt as though it was going to burn me.

My senses then entered a heightened state, as though I was about to do battle.

“Woaaaahhhh, so cool!”

“It’s so imposing.”

“It suits you well, master.”

The wings grew out.

On that moment, my heart swelled and my power grew.

But then, my emotions were dyed black.

As though I was stirred up by something, I looked at my adorable girls.

I want to eat them up.

I want to mess them up.

I want to know how they'll cry.

"Oto-san, you're making a scary face."

"...oh yeah?"

It was strange. These girls were my daughters and I never had such desires toward them.

I then wondered if it was an effect of the wings.

Regardless, I frantically tried to calm myself.

"Master's power and magic power have jumped up quite a bit, yeah? I don't know if even we can beat you in single combat anymore."

"Mhm. It'll be impossible without weapons. Such amazing power. I'm relieved though. Master becoming stronger also means he's harder to kill."

Aura and Rorono calmly analyzed my transformation.

"If you're gonna touch the wings, do so quickly. This form's a little bothersome."

I myself didn't know what I might do. It was dangerous.

"I see, so in exchange for the power you gain in that form, you experience pain? Is that right master?"

I just smiled in response to Aura's query.

She was mistaken. Rather than being in pain, I was in ecstasy. However, I also became lustful, violent, and sadistic. Those kinds of negative emotions grew within me. The rotten, dark parts of me raged, wanting to come to the surface.

“Woah, the wings are so tough.”

“It is indeed strong. And cool”

“Yes, it’s quite sturdy and alluring.”

Like so, the girls touched and patted the wings.



“Okay, that’s enough. I can’t take it anymore.”

I wasn’t confident I could hold the negative emotions down anymore so I decided to end the transformation.

The most terrifying thing about this form was that I felt good in it. I feared that once I lost to this pleasant feeling and recognized this as my real self, I wouldn’t ever be able to return back.

This isn’t who I am, I thought as I dreaded it might really become me.

“Okay, thank you, Oto-san!”

“Mhm, I’m satisfied.”

“I want to touch the wings again but if it brings master pain then, yes, that was enough.”

With all my efforts, I casted aside all these foul desires and made the wings vanish.

Okay, I’m back to normal. I am loving these girls as I should: as my precious daughters. Geez, what a dangerous power.

“Everyone, there are some things I’ve learned with that display just now. First, upon the emergence of those wings, my own fighting strength and magic power rise to absurd heights.”

There was no doubt about that.

At present, due to my connection with my three S rank [Monsters of the Covenant], my normal power levels were on par with the three. However, upon the emergence of those wings, my power levels exceeded even that of S rank monsters’; even that of my daughters’.

“That’s so amazing.”

“There’s more. I have also obtained an advanced form of [Creation] I can use if I make those wings come forth.”

[Creation] was my ability to materialize objects that were in my memory. It was very powerful by all rights but now, I had gained a power that was even stronger.

“That’s even more amazing, Oto-san. What does it do?”

“I have no idea; all I know right now is that it has awakened within me. I might know for sure once I try it out but... I’m afraid. I’m afraid that once I use it, I can’t change back ever again.”

All of my instincts warned me not to use it, that the very thing itself was a [Taboo]. Probably more than that, it felt to me that by using that power, my present self would cease to exist.

“If that’s the case, then I would say it’s better to just not use it. My master, no, Avalon’s master, you are strong even without that! So let’s not get involved with such dangerous things!”

I nodded to Aura’s statement.

I had made it this far with just the current [Creation] and the might of my reliable monsters. *I shouldn’t rely on such a double-edged power.*

“Okay, I have decided that I will only use those wings when the situation greatly calls for them. Situations that I hope would never come.”

The three girls agreed.

More than losing myself, I was afraid of my daughters getting hurt.

To avoid that, I decided to keep this power as my final trump card.

“You don’t have to look so apologetic, Oto-san! Kuina and the others are strong so it’ll be alright!”

“Especially after leveling up a lot in this war.”

“Yes, we’re invincible already.”

The three each gave a reliable reply.

They had leveled up a lot in the last war by being assigned to their own party. In a party where ten members were the maximum, experience points could be equally distributed among those members.

The first party was composed of five Darkness Dragons and Kuina.

The second party was composed of the other five Darkness Dragons and Wight.

The third party was composed of Aura and R’lyeh Diva.

The fourth group meanwhile wasn’t technically a party. It was composed of Rorono and the Avalon-Ritters she controlled. Avalon-Ritters then gave all the experience points gained to Rorono.

In other words, the experience points gained by the bombardment of the Darkness Dragons went to Kuina and Wight.

The experience points gained from the hero-class adventurers went to Aura and R’lyeh Diva.

And then, the experience points gained from the massacre of the magicians in the rear by the Avalon-Ritters went solely to Rorono.

Kuina and the others had leveled up in the [Crimson Cavern] to the point that they almost couldn’t level up anymore by the experience points available there. However, with this war, they had been able to level up tremendously.

At present, their levels could be mistaken even for the levels of an A rank monster who could grow.

“I’ll be relying on all of you, then.”

The three nodded and replied that I should leave it to them. *Truly reliable children.*

“We should get out of bed soon. We still have work to do after breakfast.”

“Sounds fun, Oto-san.”

“We have gained a lot in this war. We also have a treaty that prohibits the imposing of tariffs by the neighboring city. Of course there’s the large amount of experience points you all gained, making you all more powerful. And then, there are the corpses of the powerful humans.”

After we had breakfast, I planned on going to meet with Wight to see another spoil of war. Wight who had become a Black Dragon of Death, an S rank monster who ruled over death, had a very powerful ability: his [Enhanced Resurrection].

It was the strongest resurrection skill which allowed him to revive and control the dead. It also made the revived units have more strength than when they were alive.

Through this ability of his, Avalon would get a large amount of A rank monsters which, through normal means, we wouldn’t have been able to gather in such a short amount of time.

After all, to get an A rank monster, a Demon Lord had to use two A rank medals. They were beings even high-ranking Demon Lords would have trouble obtaining.

And so, we looked forward to seeing the undead with the flexibility and diversity of the hero-class humans in action.

Chapter 1

Procell's Decision

~???’s point of view~

“This is surprising. Truly surprising.”

He, one of the great and ancient Demon Lords, pleasantly said so after hearing the report of his subordinate monster.

He was the type of Demon Lord to utilize human beings.

By making use of a certain religion, he had amassed and fed on human emotions.

His dungeon was the smallest country in the world and also the head temple of the Rigdold Faith which was the world’s most practiced religion.

Many zealous believers would visit and gather in his dungeon everyday believing it was a holy site. The emotions of these believers were of an awfully powerful quality. Furthermore, by waging large-scale wars disguised as holy wars, they could gather even more humans.

“Why are you so pleased? The war with [Creation] was an utter failure. The plan was to use the humans to nip a problem in the bud but with this defeat, hasn’t it only made [Creation] even stronger?”

A human soldier who participated in the war with the [Creation] Demon Lord candidly protested so to the Demon Lord that was his master.

“Hmm, I don’t think I ever said anything about nipping a problem in the bud. What I said was about ascertaining the might of [Creation].”

The Demon Lord then drank from the glass he held in his hand.

What he drank was a first-class alcohol. Since offerings were made to him as that religion's god, all that he owned was exclusively of the highest quality.

"Master, just what are you thinking?"

"I'll answer but before that, how about peeling off that skin? Isn't it awkward?"

Upon hearing those words, the soldier opened his mouth wide. After doing so, a black shadow then came out. Except for being a black shadow, it was almost featureless.

Meanwhile, all that remained of the soldier's body was his skin.

That monster was a Doppel Eater.

It had the ability to enter the bodies of humans and act as them.

Because they wore not only a human's skin but even their soul, they were able to deceive detecting abilities, no matter how powerful, that they were not monsters.

As vital members of this ancient Demon Lord's surveillance unit, many Doppel Eaters were made to participate in the war.

Originally, they hid themselves within Avalon but ever since [Creation] Demon Lord Procell had made R'lyeh Diva, a monster who could read emotions and that had far too sharp a wit, the Doppel Eaters were afraid that hiding for a longer period time would only lead to them being revealed and thus decided to withdraw.

"Is this good enough?"

"Yeah. Then, to answer you, what I intended for from the start was to test him out. If he was crushed with only this much, he wasn't worth the bother of even killing. If he did survive though, I wanted him to become strong enough for when he joins our side. And so, I have forced on him the necessary conditions for him to awaken as a Demon Lord..... in short, no matter how it went, it was a success. We've seen [Creation]'s playing hand, haven't we?"

By accomplishing certain fixed conditions, Demon Lords could awaken.

The Demon Lords that knew of these conditions could be counted with one hand. It was an absolute secret not taught to even the children they looked after.

“Master, why would you do that?”

“It’s because that one’s a lot like me, no? He had the idea to have a city for a dungeon. Both of us were also able to awaken without being consumed by the darkness it brings despite our greenness. I don’t know of any other Demon Lord like that besides us.”

The Doppel Eater was surprised to see his master laugh so happily, a sight it hadn’t seen in more than a hundred years.

“Now then, shall we proceed to the final test to gauge not his might but his caliber as a Demon Lord? To know whether he has completely become cold-hearted or not. If he has gotten conceited by his new-found power and does something unseemly, it will show that we have no need for him.”

“Wait, are you suggesting on doing that?”

The Doppel Eater gasped.

It felt anticipation and anxiety to its master’s overly brazen and dangerous behavior.

“I have been preparing for this past several decades and now is the time to act. Almost. Oh how it annoyed me that the others disregarded me and yet praised those three to be the strongest Demon Lords. [Beast], [Time], and [Dragon], soon, your generation and the problems you’ve caused us will be made to vanish. I’ll start with the weakest of you three. Now, will he be a proper Demon Lord and be able to discard his parent or will he be a fool that doesn’t know his place and wage war against an old Demon Lord, only to end up being crushed? Which one shall he be?”

Behind him appeared his strongest monsters and the successfully mass-produced heroes.

It was said that the Demon Lords at the top were [Beast], [Time], and [Dragon] but for the Doppel Eater, he couldn’t ever imagine his master to be too far behind those three.



~Back to Procell's point of view~

I had reached the bread factory underground. I went here to meet with Wight about the important task I had entrusted to him.

There, as always, the Skeletons were industriously making bread. As the population of Avalon had increased, so too did their workload.

"Oh, it's you, my lord. Thank you for us gracing again with your presence."

The moment he saw me, Wight gleefully rushed to my direction. When he was near, he gracefully bowed.

"It's about the task I gave to you."

"Does it concern the corpses of the human beings?"

"Exactly that. Have you checked which can become part of our fighting force?"

In the recent war, the neighboring city had hero-class soldiers fighting for them. In monster terms, they would be the powerful beings known as A ranks.

We had killed those heroes and obtained their corpses. Afterwards, I had commanded Wight to repurpose them.

"Then, to report. Of the hero-class corpses we have recovered, I have succeeded in using [Enhanced Resurrection] on 16 of them. On top of being on par with an average A rank monster, they also possessed an abundance of special abilities. They will be quite reliable. Plus, even if they are on the weaker side of A rank, with my power to strengthen them, they will be able to perform as an above average A rank monster."

"Ohh, that's good to hear."

I was delighted by Wight's report.

Wight had an ability called [Enhanced Resurrection]. It could only be used once for each target but in exchange for its limited use, it would revive the targets, turn them into undead, and make them stronger than when they were alive.

The reinforced hero-class adventurers who would become his subordinates were a great addition to our war potential.

“However, I’m sorry to report that 14 of the hero-class corpses were too badly damaged to be used for [Enhanced Resurrection].”

“There’s no helping it. I did instruct Aura to prioritize their annihilation.”

Regardless of how easy it was for us, the enemies still had hero-class soldiers. I ordered her to think only of killing the enemies until we could gain the definite advantage.

“How about the non-hero corpses?”

In this war, we had faced more than 3000 soldiers and we had killed the majority of that number.

I expected there to be a mountain of corpses where at least a few sustained only light damage.

“I have only been able to resurrect four so far since my [Enhanced Resurrection] has a limit of 20 targets per day. The weaker ones have been identified by R’lyeh Divadono and then sent to a storehouse where they could be frozen for preservation purposes. I expect to finish the task little by little every day.”

“That’s promising. Among those corpses are soldiers that can be turned into B and C rank monsters. With all of your status boosting abilities, they’ll be a fine boost to our war potential. Keep at it.”

“As you will.”

Wight said so as he did another elegant bow.

“What about that other thing I asked you?”

“I have done it but I do not comprehend it fully. Those people are strange. The ones I have used my [Enhanced Resurrection] on still retain their experiences, knowledge, and memories but as for their emotions and personalities, their dark side are mostly what’s left. Be that as it may, there’ll generally be lingering traces of their self. These heroes however, I can only think of them as being blank slates from the start.”

“Blank slates? Even though they’re humans who have risen up to be hero-class soldiers?”

“Yes. As my lord has ordered I have tried to extract information out of them but so far, all I’ve found out is that: they’ve lived in a white room; something they referred to as *Papa* will regularly perform some unknown kind of magic; some kind of medicine is given to them; and that each time they’re commanded to, they destroy something. Aside from those, they have no other memories so those are all the information I have managed to gain.”

I then connected what Wight had said with what the information that these heroes were cultured as leaked by the other city’s lord.

“No, that’s enough. That information alone has value. Continue the extraction of information on the other soldiers though.”

“As you will.”

Wight then gave a deep, respectful bow.

After that, I had ascertained the hero-class undead units’ abilities.

As was expected, they were superb. There were some who possessed master level sword skills, some who were bow specialists, and some who could use all sorts of offensive magic and healing magic.

Their strength was far from Kuina’s and the others’ but the range of tactics we could do with them was vast indeed.

If used skillfully, they might just become the greatest part of my fighting force.



After I had confirmed with Wight the newest addition to our fighting force, I returned home.

The work needed for the administration of the city was as plentiful as ever. And so, I had decided that I was going to hire one exceptional human to help with the work. My wish was that I would soon be free of most of the administrative tasks for the city.

Kuina and the others were on standby in their rooms, something unusual for an afternoon.

Perhaps it was an effect of the celebration party yesterday but the city and most of its facilities were in a state of stupor.

As I thought so, I sipped some black tea. But then, I felt a swell of magic power within my residence.

Is this [Transfer] magic?

It seemed to me as though somebody had used the Transfer array within my home from either the array at a nearby city or at Marcho's dungeon.

The one that used the array rushed over to my direction. I recognized who she was.

Her blood was dripping to the ground. I didn't see any wound on her front so I deducted her injuries must have been on her back.

Kuina and the others also felt the presence of her magic power.

"Succubus, why did you come here? Why do you have those wounds?"

Yes, it was the Succubus that was in Marcho's dungeon.

It made more sense if the Transfer array she used was the one installed in Marcho's dungeon. There were disadvantages to installing Transfer arrays. One such disadvantage was that other monsters besides my own could use them. However, I didn't have to be on guard against Marcho's monsters.

She looked like she was about to fall down so I came to support her.

“Procell-sama, Marchosias-sama’s dungeon is under the attack of several Demon Lords. On top of it being a complete surprise attack, it is conducted by many strong Demon Lords. It’s a considerably dire situation. By Marchosias-sama’s order, I have come to your dungeon.”

“I understand the situation. I will come to support her immediately. So be at ease and get some rest. I shall arrange for you to be treated.”

Marcho’s in a pinch? As I was before, I wouldn’t have been able to do anything but as I am now, I can provide plenty of assistance to her.

“No, that’s exactly not it!”

The Succubus desperately grabbed me by the neck. She then brought her face close to mine and squeezed out a voice.

“Marchosias-sama has sent me to tell you to not come to her aid, no matter what! You’re the most talented Demon Lord there is and in the future, you just might become the strongest Demon Lord ever! But right now, you’re just a pup!”

“I understand that but still, I can be of help.”

Hearing that, the Succubus visibly flared up in anger.

“You understand nothing! Think about what it means to come to Marchosias-sama’s help! The rule preventing the old Demon Lords from attacking the new ones is based on the condition that a new Demon Lord doesn’t attack an old one first. If you go back her up, the Demon Lords attacking her will be free to crush you. They’ll be more than happy to be able to crush a potentially powerful rival.”

It then finally dawned on me what Marcho’s intention was in sending Succubus and it wasn’t because she wanted my help.

She knew that if she was attacked and I were to learn that she was outnumbered, I would come to her aid but then she also knew that that would only give the old Demon Lords an excuse to attack me.

And so, this warning was given. A warning at the cost of sending the Succubus who could be very useful in her fight against the other Demon Lords.

She did so much to help me who had angered her just a few days prior.

I couldn't help but make a fist.

The light of the Transfer array then vanished. It must have been some kind of trick done by Marcho's side to prevent her enemies from using it.

"Kuina, Rorono, Aura, I am a fool. A foolish Demon Lord. And I am about to do an extraordinarily foolish thing. Please forgive me. I won't even listen to your opinions. I have already made up my mind: I'm going to help Marcho."

I declared so with force.

This was my decision as a Demon Lord and mine alone.

"Yay ♪! That's our Oto-san!"

"Mhm. [Beast] Demon Lord Marchosias is master's mother. We can't let her die."

"Old Demon Lords or whatever, we can beat it!"

As expected of my [Monsters of the Covenant]. *So reassuring.*

"Wait, do you plan on trampling over Marchosias-sama's wishes!?"

"*No child knows how much his parents care for him, or so they say. I have already left her nest, I am free to do whatever I want. Moreover...*"

I searched my brain for the best possible help. I knew that alone, I was not going to be of much help to her. I knew I had to talk to our mutual acquaintances.

My first step was to ask Stolas to set up a meeting with the [Dragon] Demon Lord who was close friends with Marcho. I was fairly certain he would cooperate.

Next was to have an audience with the [Time] Demon Lord. He was in love with Marcho so I was sure he would help as well.

“Succubus, if I left her to fight on her own, we might be separated by her death and I’m not willing to risk that. And even if we part forever, I still wish to see her on her last moments.”

It was then time to act to help Marcho. I was sure that this event wasn’t aimed at just Marcho. There must be some kind of trap, I was sure.

Even so, for my own sake, I decided I would act with pride. *No matter what trap, we will face it with our strength.*

Chapter 2

Analysis of the Situation

Marcho's dungeon was under attack by several Demon Lords, thus putting her in a dire situation.

Under those circumstances, she had sent her Succubus to warn me to not come help her no matter what. For if I did, it would give the old Demon Lords waging war against her an excuse to attack me, a new Demon Lord, despite the rule prohibiting them from doing so.

I was aware of all that but nevertheless, I decided to help her.

"Succubus, give me some information. Who are the Demon Lords that are attacking Marcho?"

"Why would I even tell you that? Marchosias-sama has sent me here to tell you to remain here. I will not be helping you go against her wishes."

"It's fine even if you don't say anything. Information is vital to increase our chances of winning even if only by a little but even without any, I will go anyway."

Succubus grimaced but then began to talk little by little. It seemed that saying I would go regardless of what she would say had made her want to increase my chances of survival.

"The ones attacking Marchosias-sama, they're her, they're composed purely of her own faction.... there is no doubt that there's someone pulling the strings from behind the scenes but for who that someone is, I don't know. Normally, when attacked and driven into a corner, the allies on the same faction are the ones to rely on but since the allies themselves are the ones attacking us, our options are limited."

That's troublesome.

Like so, Marcho was forced to fight all on her own.

Even if she was one of the three strongest Demon Lords, this situation was intense.

“The [Time] and [Dragon] Demon Lords aren’t included in Marcho’s faction, right? Are they aware of the situation?”

“They are. But then again, the three of them have a non-interference agreement. No matter what happens, [Time] and [Dragon] will not help.”

“Okay but I’m still going to meet with them.”

I understood that there was something in between those three but if I wanted to change anything, I had to act.

I wasn’t conceited enough to think that I alone could turn the tide of this battle. If I was ever going to help her, I would need the full might of Avalon. All of it. Including the *trump card* I had been trying to keep secret all this time. This was no time to think of holding back.

I was acting with the intention of using that right from the start. Doing so, however, would leave Avalon defenseless.

For that reason, I wished for [Time] and [Dragon]’s help. If they couldn’t help Marcho directly, then perhaps they could help me so that I could help her with all my might. That was the minimum expectation anyway.

“First are the letters.”

I could show up uninvited but I thought it was perhaps better to schedule it.

I summoned the blue bird I got from [Wind] Demon Lord Stolas and the crow I got from [Time] Demon Lord Dantalian. I made each of them carry a letter and then released them to the sky.

Since [Dragon] was Stolas’s parent, I asked her to arrange a meeting between us.

“Succubus, tell me frankly, for how long do you think Marcho can hold out?”

“...currently, our side’s elites, including the [Monsters of the Covenants], are putting

up a good fight. Marchosias-sama's one of the strongest Demon Lords so her ability to hold out a siege is far different than others. She could hold out, at the very least, for seven days."

"Then, I'm going to assume I have five to deal with the unexpected betrayal of her allies and other unexpected turn of events."

By my calculations, I had the rest of the next day to finish all negotiations and then only one day for the rest of the preparations. On the third day, we should be heading out to Marcho's dungeon.

"Geez, what a tight schedule."

In the unfortunate case that no reply arrived, I planned on intruding on [Dragon] and [Time]'s dungeons even without an appointment.

The image of Stolas then crossed my mind.

I wanted to rely on her [Omnipresence] ability. It could only be used once a day but for a fixed amount of time, it could replicate, albeit at a rank lower, the monsters on the same floor she was in. It was a genuine cheat ability.

If that was used on my forces, some of whom were S rank monsters, I would instantly have a large increase in war potential.

...however, that wasn't a possibility since I didn't want to make her a target of the old Demon Lords as well. It was completely outside of my principles as a Demon Lord^{Person}.

"Aura, I'll leave Succubus's treatment to you."

"Are you going to do something, master?"

"Yeah, some preparations."

Since there no longer was a Transfer array, we needed to secure a way to get to her dungeon. *I'll start from there.*

“Rorono, ready *that* so that it can be used at any time. We’re going to take it with us outside so prepare it for travel too.”

“Mhm. Understood. The use of *that thing* is frightening. *That thing* is beyond any weapon. It’s a weapon of mass murder; something that mustn’t exist.... and yet, I just can’t contain my excitement as an alchemist; I want to see *that* in action.”

In reaction, I smiled wryly.

Rorono had not once expressed something like fear for the incredible weapons she had actively worked on and she had worked on truly incredible weapons like the napalm bombs, the Avalon-Ritters, and the custom-made ones for Kuina and the others.

In truth, I didn’t want to use *it* but as we were against old Demon Lords, I could not afford to hesitate. For if I did, even for a moment, it could prove to be fatal.

These are opponents I have to challenge with all my might... no, these are opponents I couldn’t defeat even with all my might so I have no choice but to rely on that.



For the second time that day, I came to the bread factory to meet with Wight.

Wight was surprised to see me who was here just a while ago.

“What can I help you with, my lord? Did you forget something?”

“No, it’s not that. I’ll explain it to you in detail later but tomorrow, or perhaps as soon as today if possible, I am going with Kuina to meet with the [Dragon] Demon Lord. I want you to come with us. The [Dragon] medal I used for your Rebirth was from him so I want him to see you.”

I had decided that I would rather meet and secure an agreement with [Dragon] first before I negotiate with [Time]. [Time] was in love with Marcho but for that reason, there was that possibility that he viewed me as a threat.

Also, I had decided that I was going to bring two of my monsters. The first was Kuina

who had always been acting as my guard. The second one was going to be Wight.

I had two reasons for this.

The first was that I wanted the [Dragon] Demon Lord to feel some sort of familiarity with Wight who was made using his medal.

The other reason was simply that Wight was a strong individual. In the unlikely event that the enemies who had attacked Marcho had already positioned themselves in our destinations, there was a need to breakthrough their formation. I was confident there was no monster in this world capable of stopping the instantaneous power of Wight while under the effects of [Berserk].

“Certainly.”

“Thank you. The issue now is what to do about the defense here when you and I are out.”

There was still a risk in bringing Wight.

Originally, Wight was my staff officer and was supposed to be in charge in my absence. However, if the both us were away, it would mean a drastic decrease in our defensive capabilities.

“Then there is nothing to worry about. I have an excellent adjutant to fill in for me. Pochi, Koro, and Tarou like her and will listen to whatever she says so it’s alright.”

“Pochi, Koro, and Tarou? Who are those?”

“Oh, excuse me, they are Darkness Dragons. It was a little inconvenient to give them orders with nothing to distinguish them with so I gave them nicknames.”

For a moment there, I choked.

The symbols of fear that were the Darkness Dragons were given names that were pretty much for dogs.

But then again, in front of Wight who became a Black Dragon of Death, one the strongest dragons, the Darkness Dragons did act like dogs.

“I’m relieved then. I’ll notify you quickly once our time of departure has been determined. Until then, take care of the handing over of the chain of command for our defense.”

“Yes, my lord. I will act swiftly.”

“Sorry to bring you nothing but trouble, Wight. Also, I can’t afford to lose my magic power right now so it would seem we would have to delay your naming.”

If a Demon Lord wished to name a monster after they had named their first three—or in other words, after they had completed their [Monsters of the Covenant]—it would mean that they would have to endure the after-effects of the naming which were the loss of all of their magic power and the inability to recover any of it for about half a month.

In this situation though, that was dangerous to the point of being lethal.

I had already thought up the best name for Wight but...

“Don’t mind me, my lord. This body of mine is immortal; I will wait forever if I must.”

“It gladdens me to you say that.”

After that and telling him to ready the Darkness Dragons, Avalon’s fastest mode of transportation, for the impending battle, the initial preparations were underway. All that’s left for now was to wait for the replies of the letters I had sent.

I had decided that in event that no reply came by the end of the day, I would go with the impolite course of action and show up uninvited.

I had been invited to visit [Wind] Demon Lord Stolas’s dungeon before but that trip had always been postponed. Now that I had to go, I wondered if she’ll be surprised to see me arrive on top of a Darkness Dragon. Despite the circumstances, I thought that and a smile escaped.

Chapter 3

The Golden Apples' Potions

I hurriedly did the preparations for helping Marcho.

Meeting with [Time] and [Dragon] would mean I was going to be absent from Avalon so I also needed to prepare for that. The most important thing for that was the instructions I was going to give to my monsters. We only had a few days to prepare so it was necessary that our preparations still progressed while I was away.

In relation to that, I came to the design room within Rorono's workshop. I had something I wanted Rorono to make.

"Rorono, there's another task I want you to do alongside maintaining *that*. I want you to follow my instructions here. The time limit will be three days from now which is the day of our departure. Prioritize these two tasks over everything else."

The battlefield this time would be within Marcho's dungeon.

It would be different from the combat we had somewhat grown accustomed to so far and so, we must prepare as much as we could.

One such preparation included the improvement of the Avalon-Ritters. For this upcoming battle, I intended to make use of the special Avalon-Ritters we had managed to reserve before.

Rorono looked at the pages of instruction I had made and given to her. As she read it, her facial expression became stiff. I understood how she felt. The workload needed to pull it off was absurd. I understood that even with her knowledge and ability, it was a difficult task. Even so, I asked her to do it.

"This is in three days?"

"Yes, somehow."

“...Understood. I’ll try to do it in time. No, I promise it’ll be done in time. As long as it’s for master, I’ll accomplish whichever impossible task.”

“Sorry for making you do the impossible, Rorono.”

I said so and then hugged Rorono. I had always burdened this child with the impossible and I feared I might be relying on her too much. However, I had no other choice; it was truly necessary.

“Master, I will do my best. My absolute best. So, after all of this is finished, praise me a lot, okay?”

As she leaned her body on me, she spoke to me in a very pampered way.

“Of course. I’ll spoil you as much as you want.”



When I patted her on the head, she smiled from ear to ear.

If she wanted to be praised, I'll praise her, I thought, how can I be so cold-hearted to Rorono who has served me so well.

"Also, don't forget to give me a reward. These are extraordinary requests, after all."

"Yeah, don't hold back and ask me for anything."

Her embrace grew tighter as she buried her face more into my chest.

If it was for her, I believed I was willing to do anything.

"Mhm. Then, I'll begin working on it immediately. It'll be beyond expectations! I swear it on my pride as an Elder Dwarf, the world's best blacksmiths... No, I swear it on my pride as Father's daughter!"

Rorono said so, reluctantly parted from our embrace, and then vanished into her work area.

In her hands were a basketful of golden apples from the [First Tree].

Aside from being able to heal one's wounds and restore one's magic power, the golden apples were also able to relieve one of their fatigue. So with that many golden apples, she would be able to work without any need for rest for several days.

She's so dedicated that she's prepared to give up sleep for several days.

"I'm counting on you, Rorono."

By common standards, the task I had given to her would have been considered impossible.

However, I believed that so long as it was Rorono, the impossible could be made possible.

Having accomplished my goal, I left her workshop.

Aside from her, there were other monsters I had tasks for which needed to be done as soon as possible.

For this campaign, my own forces wouldn't be enough so I knew I must seek for easy and reliable ways to double the friendly forces.



After I had left Rorono's workshop, I headed to Aura's orchard. As soon as I was in the orchard, I caught sight of Aura and called out to her.

In response, she rushed to my side, her golden hair swinging in the air and her jade green eyes shining brighter than usual.

"Welcome, master"

"Aura, there's something I want you to do right away. It's about the Potions you have made before. I would like them to be used in the upcoming war. Can you do it?"

"Yes, leave it to me. I have succeeded in cultivating the necessary materials. In fact, I have completed trials just this morning. All that's left is the mass production."

Recently, various medicinal plants were also grown in her orchard. These weren't just for her enjoyment; these were grown as part of my order for her to make Potions.

"This campaign will be a drawn-out one. Many will be severely wounded, gravely tired, or out of magic power. Maybe even all at once. We have to deal with those kinds of exhaustion. Hence, the need for a great amount of curative items. The quality is important but for this war, quantity is even more so."

"I concur. I will prepare as much Potions as can be with the time left to us."

So far, Avalon's means of healing relied heavily on the golden apples from the [First Tree]. The effects of eating the apples as the fruits that they were—without them undergoing any process whatsoever—were greater than an average potion's healing effects. To add to that, the golden apples also had other effects other than healing one's wounds.

Given all that, I was convinced that if the golden apples were used in combination with

other medicinal plants to make a potion, the effects would be even greater.

“Whether we can count on Marcho’s exhausted and wounded monsters will depend on those potions and on you, Aura.”

“Leave it to me! With the potions made out of the apples I raised, we can resurrect even the dead!”

The potions were of course going to be vital to my monsters but they had another purpose: to bring Marcho’s monsters back to the frontlines.

I predicted that by the time we reach Marcho and her monsters, her monsters would have already been exposed to a prolonged war and thus have sustained injuries, ran out of magic power, and were nearing their physical limits. In other words, they wouldn’t have been able to fight anymore by the time we got there.

If that was so, the very first thing I must do was to heal her monsters so that they could be fit for battle as soon as possible. For that purpose, we needed to have a large amount of high-quality potions.

Just by being able to do that, the situation would all at once improve. After all, we could once again count the wounded monsters—monsters who were supposedly out of the fight already—as part of the fighting force.

That was indeed huge. So much so that it might even have more effect on the war than my reinforcement troops.

“But we have grown the medicinal plants just barely in time, haven’t we?”

Aura had already researched which medicinal plants worked well with the golden apples. Finding and procuring the seeds for them so that she could grow them herself proved troublesome however. It was only recently that we cooperated with the merchants and even with that, we only found those that were barely of the right quality.

Had the attack on Marcho happened a little bit sooner, this whole plan wouldn’t even be an option for there wouldn’t be any potions to begin with.

“Surely, this isn’t just good luck but the inevitable caused by you, master.”

“What makes you say that? Is that some kind of intuition of yours?”

“No, not just intuition. I know these kinds of things. After all, I am a personification of the planet and as such, have received god’s divine blessing.”

Aura stated so and then smiled.

She was an adult, in more ways than one, or so I felt.

“Alright I’ll believe what the personification of the planet says. I’ll leave the rest to you. Make as much as possible in three days.”

“Yes, I’ll do all I can together with the High Elves!... Ah, wait a moment, I forgot something. I still haven’t shown you the trial products, have I?”

“Oh yeah, I know about them only from the reports of your research.”

“Then, take these.”



Aura took out three small bottles from her chest.

I was surprised to see three. I guessed the first one was the one specialized in healing wounds while the second one was specialized in restoring magic power. As for the third one, I was drawing blanks. While thinking of such, Aura began to explain.

“The first is a potion for healing wounds and restoring physical strength. Upon consuming this, one’s fatigue will all at once disappear. Afterwards, it will also make it harder for one to feel tired. As for injuries, this potion will heal most except the gravely serious injuries in a matter of a few minutes. However, note that how this works is that it strengthens one’s own immunities and self-healing. What that means is that this potion can only heal what will naturally heal. Injuries like complicated fractures or the loss of a body part will not be healed by this.”

“Hmm. Okay. The second?”

“The second one is a potion for recovering one’s magic power. This increases the amount of magic power recovered up to four times than what is naturally recovered. But since it only increases the amount of magic power recovered by the body, don’t expect it to recover a lot of magic power the moment it is drank.”

I nodded to her words.

The potions were truly like medicines in the sense that they helped humans and monsters to recover. They weren’t some miracle mixture that could instantly heal all wounds or recover all of one’s magic power. Drinking more than necessary wouldn’t increase its effects either. That said, it couldn’t be denied that they were very useful.

“How about the last one?”

“Rather than calling this a potion, it’s more suitable to call it a drug for forcing someone into battle. This will remove the limits imposed by the brain to the body, giving the one who used it strength and magic power beyond those limits.”

I gasped at the realization that it was an extremely dangerous thing. Seeing me like that, Aura smiled while she continued speaking.

“The user will no longer feel fatigue and pain. Instead, they’ll feel an extreme sense of

exaltation for the duration of the potion's effects. Even monsters on the brink of death will become able to display power greater than when they're in perfect condition. That being said, the user must also be prepared to suffer the potion's after-effects. Using it in such a dire state may put the user's life at risk.... this should be used as one's final last-ditch effort. At least, that's how I'll use it; if I'm gonna die anyway, rather than doing so without being able to accomplish anything, I'd prefer to give it my all in one last all-out attack for the benefit of the companions I have left."

In my mind, I dubbed the last potion the Berserk Potion. It was dangerous but equally necessary.

In the upcoming war, there most likely would be monsters who thought like Aura.

I received the three potions from her and put it in my pocket.

There might come a time that I'll have a need for these.

"These are great medicines. Make as much of the first and second potions as you could within 3 days. For the third potion, twenty of them will do."

"Certainly. Then, I together with the High Elves will be mass-producing the potions right away. We're gonna use up all our stocks of golden apples!"

With this, Rorono and Aura could advance their preparations for the upcoming battle even at the time of my absence. *I expect a lot from you all.*

"Aura, I'm saying this just in case but absolutely don't let the potions that used the apples from the First Tree circulate to the public, ok?"

"Yeah, I know. There's no telling what the humans will do once they know of these, after all."

After she agreed with me, she carried out a container from the storehouse. This container contained some golden apples that were submerged and preserved in the Water of Life she had made.

Shortly afterwards, she commanded the High Elves to harvest various kinds of

medicinal plants.

And thus began the compounding of the plants.

I guess I can leave it to Aura now.

To summarize:

Rorono was in charge of preparing our military force while Aura was in charge of our logistics.

R'lyeh Diva meanwhile was in charge of collecting information.

Kuina and Wight were then to escort me with my meeting with [Dragon] and [Time].

This was Avalon's all-out war. Unless we gave it our absolute all, we didn't stand a chance of winning.

"Now then, I guess I should head back home."

On my way back, the blue bird I sent out to deliver a letter had returned and perched itself on my shoulder.

"That was surprisingly quick."

Unlike with [Time] whom I was able to send a direct message to using the crow monster I got from him, I had no way to directly deliver a letter to [Dragon]. Because of that, I had used the blue bird to deliver a letter to his daughter, [Wind] Demon Lord Stolas, instead.

What surprised me was that it was only a few hours after I had sent the letter and already a reply from her had come back.

I immediately read the reply and it stated that the [Dragon] Demon Lord would receive me at any time.

"Then, I must go right now."

There wasn't any time; we had to do everything we could as soon as possible. If the [Dragon] Demon Lord said any time was fine, I figured going right away wouldn't be an issue.

It also meant that the meeting with [Time] will have to be scheduled after this.

Truth be told, I still had no idea on how to persuade the [Dragon] Demon Lord. But then, I knew I must not dilly-dally.

I should just think on it as we fly in the sky. Maybe the change of pace can bring about the answer.

As I thought such, I had hurriedly summoned Kuina and Wight. And so, together with the two, I rode a Darkness Dragon and flew toward Stolas's dungeon.

Chapter 4

The Reunion with Stolas

We had pleasantly completed our air travel.

Stolas's dungeon was an orthodox dungeon, the kind where adventurers come and go. It would not do for us to arrive anywhere near her dungeon atop a Darkness Dragon so we chose a place a little bit away and landed there. Afterwards, I used a power of mine as a Demon Lord and put the Darkness Dragon into my [Storage].

It was just in case but other monsters, the ones made from imitation medals to be specific, were in my storage too. I was prepared for the worst case scenario.

Using her [Transform], Kuina had hidden her fox ears and tail.

Wight, on the other hand, wore a rather loose robe to hide the fact that he was a dragonewt.

Like so, we walked toward Stolas's dungeon for a little while.

"As expected from Stolas, she has good taste."

The outside appeared to be a [Tower], a very large, snow-white, beautiful tower. It wasn't gaudy at all. Rather, it was elegant.

"Oto-san's city is more splendid."

"I agree. It is an impressive dungeon but it fails in comparison with Avalon."

"Kuina, Wight, no, a city and a conventional dungeon shouldn't be compared. They're just too different."

It seemed my monsters felt more competitive with Stolas than even I did.

Oh well, as long as they're motivated.

“Now, I wonder how do we’re going to meet up with Stolas.”

As I thought of ways on how we were going to let Stolas know that we had arrived, the voice of a woman called out to us.

She appeared to be a human who wore a robe that seemed to be for magicians but I knew otherwise.

I knew that she was a monster and that she had disguised herself to appear like a human so that she wouldn’t draw any unwanted attention while outside of the dungeon.

“We have been expecting you, [Creation] Demon Lord Procell-sama. I shall be your guide until we reach the Transfer array so please follow me this way.”

I was so grateful that Stolas arranged this for us.

“Thank you. You’re a great help. I take it you can also use [Transfer]?”

“Yes but because my rank isn’t that high, I can only carry a maximum of three targets per Transfer.”

She smiled as she replied so.

I too wanted to make a monster that could use [Transfer].

If the chance presented itself later on, I wanted to ask Stolas to tell me which medals she used for this monster and if possible, trade those or even the imitations medals of those to me as well.

Using the same medals wouldn’t guarantee that the monster born out of it would have [Transfer] but if my [Creation] medal was thrown in the mix—and provided that there was at least one other original medal—the chances of getting such a monster would increase tremendously.

At the moment, Avalon was completely dependent for our Transfer needs on the crow monster that I got from the [Time] Demon Lord.

Aside from not knowing when it would betray us, having only one such monster was very inconvenient. Especially so since Transfer was an immensely useful ability. So much so, in fact, that if possible, I would like to make an S rank monster that had [Transfer].

“Is there something wrong with my face?”

“Oh sorry, how rude of me to stare at a woman’s face. It’s just that I was curious about you.”

“Fufu, you flatter me. Well then, this way please. I have prepared a Transfer array in a hidden room within the dungeon.”

After our conversation ended with that, I walked a few steps behind her until we reached the hidden room she spoke of. When we were there, the monster who disguised herself as a human took off her robe.

Her hair which was green darkened while her ear grew longer.

She somehow felt like Aura and the other elves. *Is she some kind of elf subspecies?*

And then, she led me by the hand and did the Transfer.

When I opened my eyes, I was in a white-themed room. Much like the dungeon’s outside appearance, it was elegant looking and not gaudy at all.

I had no doubt that this was...

“Welcome Procell. It’s been a while.”

Yeah, this was Stolas’s room.

She was in a dress as she smiled and greeted me so.

To her back was an angel-type female monster waiting on her. I recognized who this monster was: she was a Rathgrith, a monster that had a cheat skill that could improve the performance of everyone in the same force she was in. Other than that, she was also able to communicate via telepathy to her teammates. It goes without saying that I wanted someone like her.

“Yeah, it has been a while. Thank you for your warm welcome despite our sudden visit.”

“Think nothing of it. We, well, we’re friends after all.”



Stolas said so and then slightly turned her head away in an effort to hide her reddened face, seeming to suggest she felt a little shy to say out loud that we were friends. At that, I unconsciously smiled wryly.

“Your dungeon’s amazing. I was only able to see the early levels but from the outside up to the hidden room we used, your dungeon’s so elegant and teeming with humans.”

“Just what I’d expect from you, Procell, you have a good eye. It’s amazing, right? [Dragon] Demon Lord Astaroth-sama had taught me a lot of things as I built this, you know. My dungeon’s adventurer return rate’s very high and yet it’s still very cost-effective DP-wise. I was in the red at first but in time, I was actually earning. Recently, I’m earning about a thousand DP per day. I have managed to make some Maelstroms as well and as I continue to increase them, the more DP I’ll earn!”

“That really is amazing.”

Stolas gleefully told me so.

For a new Demon Lord that had a traditional dungeon, earning as much as 1,000 DP per day was incredibly hard.

Firstly, she needed to advertise her dungeon so that she could entice adventurers as visitors. After all, if no one knew her dungeon existed, no one would come.

It didn’t end there though. Once her dungeon was known, she also needed to prepare baits that would make adventurers want to come. These baits came in the form of her monsters and some treasures. And to further increase the number of her monsters, she had made some Maelstroms which could produce a monster each day at no cost except the initial investment for them.

It should be noted though that if the adventurers kill too much of her monsters and take too much of the treasure, it would have put her in financial trouble. Knowing the right balance to things took a certain kind of sense so earning as much as she had, Stolas was certainly a genius. I, myself, wasn’t confident I could have earned 1,000DP a day with a traditional dungeon in such a short amount of time.

“Well, I’ve been a little underhanded: I realized that if I used my [Omnipresence], it’s possible to lose less of my monsters.”

“No, making use of one’s special abilities is part of a Demon Lord’s dungeon management.

You did a good job.”

“Thanks... for that.”

Stolas said so with a smile.

“How much does your city earn, Procell?”

“As of late, I’d say I’m usually earning between 2,500 and 3,000 DP. Though at times, I can earn a little more than 3000 DP.”

The population of Avalon was on the rise. Along with that growth, the DP I earned each day was also increasing.

Avalon’s strongest point was its citizens. The quality of the citizens’ emotions was weaker when compared to a normal dungeon but since I could consume the humans’ emotions non-stop for 24 hours, I could say that the humans made living much better and stimulating.

Actually, the humans made, on their own volition, casinos and brothels which then led to much stronger and better tasting emotions. *I wonder which facility that could make their emotions even better would they next build if left alone?*

The only others that I knew of were the theater and coliseum, and the construction for those were both under way.

“That much!? As ever, you’re absurd, aren’t you?”

The moment she heard I made more than 3000DP, her smile grew stiff.

“Why don’t you try running a city as well?”

“No, that’s alright. Building a city’s your shtick; I have my own ways of doing things and I’ll show you I can overtake you with that!”

I didn’t feel any jealousy or self-pity in her voice, only the desire to improve herself.

As expected of my friend.

“Stolas, your Demon Lord clothes today look different than usual, aren’t they? They suit you though.”

She usually wore a cute, gothic lolita dress as her Demon Lord clothes but today, she wore a sexy dress that accentuated her body line. It even had a slit that showed off her white leg.

“Th-thank you. But it’s not like I wore this because you were coming here.”

“I understand. It’s because you’re going to the [Dragon] Demon Lord’s dungeon that you must dress up, right?”

Stolas made a rather complicated expression on her face.

I understood what she felt and that she must have dressed up to impress me. It was so obvious, it was harder not to notice but I’d rather avoid such things. I wished, instead, for us to remain both as rivals and friends.

“Yeah, that’s right and that’s why I have to dress properly, okay?”

Her mood was somewhat turning sour so I decided to leave it until later.

“I’d like to offer you some tea while you take a break but now seems hardly best time for it so let’s go right away, shall we?”

“Do you have a Transfer array that goes to the [Dragon] Demon Lord’s dungeon?”

“Of course, he’s my parent, after all.”

I was relieved to hear that. With a Transfer array, we could be there immediately.

“Procell, I’m going to say this just in case but do be careful with your words, okay? Astaroth-sama is an awfully strict person, you see.”

“Of course. He is regarded as one of the strongest Demon Lords, after all. I have no

intention whatsoever to be discourteous to him.”

Someone such as me wasn’t any match for him. Negotiating with him scared me but I looked forward to it nonetheless since I just might be able to gain a lot of things from it.

Also, after this meeting, I would be someone who, through some twist of fate, have been able to talk with all of the three strongest Demon Lords.

“I’m glad you understand... something feels a little bit different about you, Procell.”

“Really?”

“You seem more reliable. If we can find the time, tell me about the things that have happened to you.”

“Yeah, let’s do that. I’d like to leisurely talk with you too while we enjoy some tea.”

When I agreed to her proposal, the monster that could use Transfer entered her room. The most she could Transfer was three people. With Stolas coming with us, we obviously exceeded that limit.

Stolas seemed to be going alone but I surmised that she had some of her followers in her [Storage].

I also decided to put Wight into my [Storage] since Kuina, as usual, didn’t like to be put there. She even pleaded with her eyes. Well, it worked out this time so I didn’t pursue it but in the future, she should get used to be put in the Storage.

And so, we Transferred. When I next opened my eyes, we were most probably in the [Dragon] Demon Lord’s dungeon.

I’m worried. I hope the [Dragon] Demon Lord will willingly help Marcho.

Chapter 5

[Dragon] Demon Lord Astaroth

Thanks to Stolas's monster who had Transfer, we arrived in the [Dragon] Demon Lord's dungeon.

The Transfer array we arrived at wasn't within the [Dragon] Demon Lord's dungeon but instead in a ruined stone temple a little bit away from the dungeon itself.

"Stolas, you don't have a Transfer array installed directly in his dungeon?"

"Isn't this the common practice? If, for example, an enemy gains access to a Transfer array that leads to somewhere within my dungeon, it'll put me in mortal danger, wouldn't it? So if I must install a Transfer array within my dungeon, it'll have to be in a hidden and heavily-guarded room."

When she told me like that, I had to agree. After all, it didn't matter who installed the array, any monster that had Transfer could use it.

But then again, it wasn't such a danger to me since my Transfer arrays were located in the city part of my dungeon which was always readily accessible from the real world anyways. Still, I should avoid risks whenever possible.

It might become a little troublesome but I decided that it was better to move the Transfer arrays somewhere outside of Avalon's walls.

"As I thought, monsters that can use Transfer are really useful, aren't they? Which medals did you combine to make one?"

While we were walking toward the [Dragon] Demon Lord's dungeon, I asked the question that was in my mind.

"Do you expect me to tell you that for free?"

“How about in exchange for that information and the imitation of the medal you used, I’ll provide you with two imitation medals of your choosing? The imitation medals I can make are [Flame], [Water], [Earth], [Person], [Planet], [Song], [Alchemy], and [Hero]. How does that sound?”

I didn’t mention [Beast], [Wind], and [Dragon] to her since I knew that at one point in time, she had possession of the original medals for those and thus could simply spend DP to make an imitation of her own.

“That’s a charming offer but unfortunately, the original medal I used so that I can make a monster with Transfer was just a B rank medal I got from trading my [Wind]. Making an imitation medal out of it will further drop its rank to C. The chances of making a monster with Transfer is doubtful, at best.”

“That is really unfortunate.”

Even when combined with an A rank medal, a C rank imitation medal could only rarely produce a B rank monster since most of the time, the result would be a C rank monster.

On the other hand, Transfer was such a high-ranking ability that to be able to use it, a monster had to be at least B rank.

Probably the greatest deal breaker was that even if I used my [Creation] medal to guarantee the resultant monster had Transfer, the strongest it could be was an A rank monster.

This, to me, felt like an awful waste of my [Creation] medal; if I was going to make use of it anyway, I wanted the result to be an S rank monster.

“So what is it going to be, Procell? If the deal’s still good to you, I don’t mind going forward with it.”

“Yeah, it’s still good to me. Which imitation medals do you want?”

When I asked her that, she looked slightly worried.

I agreed to the deal because an idea came to me. Rather than using the imitation medal

I was going to receive, I would just make [Creation] change into that medal. This way, I could get an S rank monster.

Giving out two imitation medals for this information was by no means a waste to me.

“Okay. Then, I guess I’ll take [Planet] and [Song]. They seem to have good affinity with my [Wind].”

“Alright. I’ll make them right away. [I Shall Compose]”

I took out my Demon Lord Book, paid the necessary DP, produced the two imitation medals, and then handed those to Stolas.

“Thank you. As for my side of the deal, here, take this.”

It was her turn this time to purchase an imitation medal and hand it over to me.

“So this is the medal you used when you created that monster, huh?”

<<[Phase] medal: B rank. Grants the ability to control space to the monster. Grants small bonuses to magic power and agility.>>

The one I got from her was a [Phase] medal.

Its rank and its bonuses were low but I was very grateful for the ability to control space.

The only original medal I had on hand was [Time]. The cooldown period would be over soon though and I could make another of my [Creation] medal.

A monster that commanded both time and space seemed like an awfully powerful one but it was highly risky to not have any original medal on hand. It was especially so at this moment since if I did use the original medals, there wouldn’t be enough time to raise the newly-born monster’s level and a low-level monster wasn’t really a great addition to my fighting force even if it was an S rank.

For the meantime, it was better to wait and see; to always be prepared and have

original medals for an effective use of [Rebirth] in the off chance that Kuina or any of the girls were in mortal danger.

“Thank you, Procell. Even though they’re only imitation medals, I’m very grateful to be able to obtain such rare medals.”

“I should be the one saying that. This [Phase] medal is just the kind of medal I wanted.”

It was a very fruitful deal for the both of us. If possible, I would like to continue having a favorable relationship with Stolas.

“Stolas, have you already cleared your [War] quota?”

“No, not yet but I’ll be doing my first one in a month’s time. Actually, I already received the declaration of war for it.”

“Well, I’m confident that you will have no trouble in winning.”

I couldn’t imagine her losing to any Demon Lord in our generation other than me.

“I absolutely will win. I can’t fall behind you, after all. I’ll also break a crystal and be able to make another original medal... it’s a shame though; as we break crystals, we only get more options on which original medal to make for that month. Wouldn’t it be better if it instead allowed us to create multiple medals each a month?”

“Yeah, it sure would.”

I smiled wryly to her little complaint. I also thought the same, after all.

If each crystal we broke not only increased the variety of medals we could make but also increased the total number we could produce in a month, I would have been able to obtain 4 original medals per month. And if that was so, I wouldn’t have to worry so much about my lack of original medals.

“Also, I’m sorry for asking but when will I be compensated for the last time?”

For a moment there, I was at a loss for words.

I just remembered I still haven't properly compensated her for helping me out during my [War] with three other Demon Lords. In return for her help, I had promised her two things.

The first was that if ever she was the one in trouble, I would come to her help as well. The second was that I would welcome her in my city and entertain her to the best of my ability.

Truth be told, I had other forms of compensation in mind but those were what she requested.

"After I help out Marcho, I'll send word to you as soon as possible. I might be repeating myself but my city truly is wonderful. I'm sure you'll be enjoy it."

"I'm looking forward to it, then. For that reason, you have to rescue Marchosias-sama right away!"

Stolas said so with tightly clenched fist.

She and Marcho had only met once but it seemed that she really had greatly respected Marcho.

Maybe it has something to do with the both of them being female Demon Lords.

Like so, we hastened our pace toward the [Dragon] Demon Lord's dungeon.



The [Dragon] Demon Lord's dungeon was a gigantic and rustic ruined castle.

It was ruined and yet it would still frighten whoever saw it.

Before even entering, the heavy atmosphere lingering outside would make one know that whatever was within that castle was powerful.

Many adventurers were coming and going. What was astonishing was that each of those adventurers was of a high level. By the sight of the many strong people from all over the world, I was convinced that this dungeon indeed sold itself as a high difficulty

dungeon. It prioritized quality over quantity.

Anyway, we entered the dungeon, walked some more, and then found a hidden room. In there was a female monster that greatly resembled Stolas's monster who had Transfer.

As I had guessed, the female monster in the room transported Stolas and me. Not directly to Astaroth's room, of course, but to the guest area just before it.

It seemed like we weren't going to be called in right until their preparations were in order. In the meantime, I brought Wight out from my [Storage].

"My lord, is it my turn soon?"

"Yeah. We're about to meet with the leader of the dragons so let's proceed with caution."

"I who have the body of the lowest of dragons am feeling a little nervous to meet the one that stood at the top of us dragons."

Despite saying so, he somehow seemed looking forward to meeting Astaroth.

"Oto-san, there are many strong monsters around here. This place is kinda dangerous."

Kuina who was silent for some time warned me so. The furs on her tail stood on end, further telling me she was on guard.

In truth, I felt the same.

There were a number of individuals with strong magic power in the vicinity.

Shit. I expected things to be this way but at this rate, even if we try our hardest to escape using Wight's [Berserk], Kuina's [Transform], and the other aces I have up on my sleeve, it will be damn hard. I have to be more than cautious in the upcoming negotiations.

As I thought such, the monster that transported us returned.

“[Creation] Demon Lord Procell-sama, [Wind] Demon Lord Stolas-sama, my lord is ready to receive you now. Please follow me this way.”

We followed after her and was brought to the next room.

Now, I wonder how [Dragon] Demon Lord Astaroth will react.



The room that we entered was an endlessly vast desert. Somewhere in the bleak ground was a throne and sitting atop it was the [Dragon] Demon Lord Astaroth.

His appearance was that of a middle-aged man with a dragon’s wings and tail.

And around him were four gigantic, kneeling dragons.

When I came near enough, the majesty around him stretched out and reached me in greeting.

“Welcome, [Creation] Demon Lord Procell. I have been meaning to have a leisurely talk with you.”

He smiled lightly and talked to me so.

“I should be the one to say so. It is an honor to have been able to meet you. I am deeply grateful to you for setting aside time to meet with an inexperienced person such as myself.”

Almost unconsciously, I went down on my knees and bowed. My instincts loudly screamed I had to do so.

“Be at ease. You are neither my child nor my subordinate. We are equals here.”

His words contained the opposite of kindness.

It was though I was told that no ounce of leniency shall be given for any mistakes; and

that never shall I be allowed to act like a brat just because I was a new Demon Lord.

Being confronted with those facts, even though I felt tense, I also felt excited.

“Before we go to the main topic, I would like to express my gratitude to you. Thanks to the [Dragon] medal I got, I was able to make such a wonderful monster.”

In rhythm to my words, Wight did an elegant bow.

“Ohh, a monster with such tremendous power. Created monsters usually aren’t this strong. This surprised me. To return the favor, I’ll show you a monster I am truly proud of.”

He then raised a jeweled staff that was set in his throne. Upon doing so, a gigantic shadow descended from the dark sky.

It was a reddish-brown, winged dragon that measured twenty meters long. The four dragons that surrounded Astaroth were terribly strong monsters but even they paled in comparison to the one that just arrived.

“This one here is my trump card. His name is Caesar. As for his race, that will be secret for now.”

Depending on one’s level, a Demon Lord could see certain information about a monster.

If even I, who at this point of time had considerable power, couldn’t even view this monster’s race name, then it surely was a monster with out-of-this-world power.

Wight, in the meantime, was wide-eyed and trembling.

He had obtained, during the fight against the humans, a skill called [Dragon Emperor] which gave him dominion over those of the dragon race. So for him to still feel fear...

“I see, it has [Dragon Emperor] too? And a higher ranking one, at that, it seems.”

“Kah, kah, kah. Splendid. I didn’t expect you to see through it at first sight. Caesar, as my trump card, is the cornerstone of my strongest unit. As long as I have Caesar, my dragon unit is unrivaled.”

I thought on the meaning of his words.

What kind of use can [Dragon Emperor] be applied in?

The answer to that came to me immediately.

I see, that will indeed make them unrivaled. Being broken will be an understatement.

Getting on his good side was now even more encouraging.

“So it means that it can draw out the full potential of the [Dragon] medal, right?”

“Correct. You truly are smart, enough so that I want you as my subordinate.”

He and I then laughed together.

With that, the opening act was finished and it was about time to get to the main topic at hand.

Right when I thought so, Astaroth cleared his throat and then faced Stolas.

The look he gave her was completely different from the one he gave me.

“Welcome to you too, Stolas. Have you lost some weight? You can back here from time to time, you know? Are you being bullied by anyone? You can talk to me about anything, okay? You don’t have to yourself back.”

The voice he used to speak with Stolas was one full of worry.

A lot of things were suddenly out of place. From a majestic, powerful Demon Lord, he suddenly became a grandfather that was greeting his visiting grandchild.

“I’m doing fine. I’ll do just that. But today, let’s hear out Procell’s story.”

“Hmm, okay, okay. Now then, [Creation] Demon Lord Procell, let us discuss the reason

you came here.”

From being the doting grandfather, he switched back to being the majestic and powerful Demon Lord. Even though the change was too fast that it was perplexing, the original tension in the air was somehow also brought back.

“Yes. Right now, my parent, Marchosias-sama who is a friend to you, Astaroth-sama, is being attacked by several Demon Lords. I came here today to ask you to join me in lending her some aid.”

Getting him to help was my reason for coming here. And after seeing Caesar who had [Dragon Emperor], I wanted his help even more.

“About that, I already know of the circumstances that Marchosias is in even before you told me. I hope you didn’t really think I had no knowledge of it.”

“Yes, of course, I expected you to know about it.”

First-class Demon Lords all possessed their own network of information. It was weirder not to know of a great incident like this.

“Hmm, then, my answer should be obvious: I have no intention whatsoever to help Marchosias. [Creation] Demon Lord Procell, coming here was a waste of your time.”

Of course I already expected that but my purpose in coming here wasn’t to confirm whether or not he would help; it was to persuade him into helping.

I was well aware that one wrong step and I might enrage him and yet, changing of one the strongest Demon Lord’s mind still had to be done, regardless of the difficulty, in order to save Marcho.

Now, let the negotiations begin. I’ve already thought up of my bargaining chips. All that remains now is to act with courage.

Chapter 6

The Meaning of a Demon Lord's Birth

In order to help Marcho, I came to [Dragon] Demon Lord Astaroth's dungeon and asked for his cooperation but was unsurprisingly turned down.

"I have expected that you're not planning on helping Marchosias-sama at the moment."

Being a first-class Demon Lord, there was no way he didn't know of Marcho's situation.

"Hmm, then, why did you come here?"

"So that I can persuade you into doing it."

The expression on his face grew stern.

"So, you think you can convince me? That's a mighty big statement but very well, I'd like to see you try."

His voice was merry but his eyes were not.

Even if my statement was taken as arrogance, there was nothing to be done. After all, a newly born chick of a Demon Lord just said he was going to change the mind of one of the strongest Demon Lords.

"First of all, why would you not lend Marchosias-sama any aid? The two of you are friends, correct? I even saw the two of you speaking on friendly terms during the [Evening Party]."

I only saw them together for a short time but even then, it was enough for me to feel the trust and closeness between them. He should want to help her, at the very least.

“Certainly, we are close friends and we have been so for a considerably long time. She is someone I consider important to me. However, a Demon Lord does not act based on his emotions alone. Just how many do you think rely on me? I have thousands of monsters and several ally Demon Lords to think of. The better question is, why are you going to help her? You are going so far as to endanger your subordinate monsters but have no prospect to gain anything from it.”

What he said was true.

I myself worried if it was alright to put Avalon and my monsters in danger. After some deliberation though, I had decided, by my own will, that I would help her.

And to answer his question:

“I owe a great deal to Marchosias-sama. My conscience will not allow me to let her die before I even have the chance to repay that debt. Furthermore, what kind of Demon Lord will I be if I chose to suppress my emotions!? I love her and I cannot forgive myself if our last moments were in disagreement.”

“Are you resolved for whatever follows?”

“Yes. I have this decided this on my own and will follow it through with the best of my abilities.”

Astaroth narrowed his eyes and then, after a short while, spoke in a gentle manner.

“Marchosias is fortunate to have a good child. However, those are your reasons for choosing to help her. I’m afraid those can’t be applied to me.”

“Yes, I understand that these are just a young man’s reasons. That’s why, I’m willing to give you recompense for your help, [Dragon] Demon Lord Astaroth. I hope your judgement as an adult will see what you stand to gain and think about it.”

Stolas who was beside me was breathless for a moment and then looked at me with a somewhat lonely expression on her face.

“So you’re going to go that far? Very well then, what are you offering me?”

“My medal... but then there is the possibility that for this fight, I may use the only remaining medal I have at the moment so the payment will have to be delayed until next month.”

“What makes you think I’ll act for the sake of one medal?”

“If a Demon Lord as great as you examine these two with me, I’m sure you’ll agree to the value of my medal.”

Astaroth, being one of the strongest Demon Lords, was strong enough to see the information about Kuina and Wight’s capabilities. Certainly, he knew that the two of them were S rank monsters and from there, he must have also concluded that my [Creation] medal was worth the consideration.

Originally, to have an S rank monster meant you had receive one or at least the ability to make one from the Creator. There just wasn’t any Demon Lord who could make S rank monsters on their own before.

In truth, I had only fully realized the value of my medal during my negotiation with the [Time] Demon Lord.

“Hmm. That is interesting but I’m afraid that it isn’t enough. I would like to add another condition to this deal.”

Astaroth said so and then looked at Stolas and me.

“[Creation] Demon Lord Procell, after I have reached the end of my life, I would like you to protect my daughter, Stolas. Swear this to me now and I shall lend you my power just this once.”

I looked at Stolas, saw the bewildered expression on her face, and made my decision.

“It will be done. I swear to you now that I will protect Stolas after you’re gone.”

He looked at me and gave out a satisfied smile.

“Astaroth-sama, you can’t just decide everything on your own”

Stolas, in a state of panic, protested so. In response, Astaroth spoke.

“Stolas, listen, a Demon Lord can’t fight, much less win, alone. Remember that. And, as unyielding as you are, you will not be able to rely on anyone other than him who has already bested you. This is the last thing I can do for you. So hate me if you must but please accept this proposition.”

“That’s so unfair.”

“Yes but this is this old man’s last selfish request so please grant it. If this man is willing to go this far for Marchosias, then I can rest easy and entrust you to him. Now, Procell, I will be cooperating with you to save Marchosias but I will not be fighting alongside with you. There’s only one Demon Lord in my mind that can manipulate Marchosias’s own faction against her and I intend to crush that fellow. Certainly, that fulfills my end of the deal in regards to helping both you and Marchosias.”

“It does. Thank you very much.”

I bowed and thanked him.

What he said probably was the best way to approach things. If so, then I should just do the things I must do.

“I’d like to thank you as well. We, the three strongest Demon Lords, have exchanged a non-interference agreement with one another and had done so in the name of the Creator. And for that reason, I was not able to move to help Marchosias. Thanks to our agreement though, I can now act.”

He said so and smile.

I was relieved to hear that he did indeed wanted to help Marcho from start but was just unable to. During this feeling of relief, there was something I really wanted to know.

“But why did whoever is behind all this choose to attack Marchosias-sama now? If they

let her be, she will be gone in half a year's time anyway."

That had always been on my mind. It didn't make sense to me why anyone would endanger themselves and fight her when it wasn't needed in the first place.

"It's simple, really: pride as a Demon Lord. Unless that person defeats her while she's still living, no one will recognize him as one of the strongest. It is a position that must be taken by force; you don't win it by default. Furthermore, Marchosias's [Beast] is a good and easy to use medal. Trying to break her crystal now while she's still alive to defend it is actually easier rather than later when all Demon Lords are going to compete for it."

It bewildered me at first that they were going that far for such a reason but then, I realized that for a Demon Lord that had obtained everything already, satisfying their sense of pride was reason enough.

"Thank you. There isn't much time left so excuse me, I shall be going."

"I shall commence my attack in three days. How about you? Do you plan to move out by then too?"

"Yes, that's right."

He had also thought that three days was time limit to save Marcho.

"Before you go, listen to an old man's ramblings, will you? Have you ever wondered why the Creator refers to us Demon Lords as the [Children of the Planet]? Or why our well-being and survival is so tied to us making use of humans, or rather, why it is so tied to us providing for them? Have you?"

"...yes, I have. I have thought on what exactly we Demon Lords are."

"Your guess will most likely be the correct one. Do keep in mind though that not everyone will agree. Now then, to once again go wild with the power of the strongest Demon Lord. It has been a while since my last fight! Fuhaha! My blood is boiling!!"

Astaroth then laughed so maniacally that it didn't suit his appearance as an old man.

Anyway, we ended our conversation there.

Next was the persuasion of the [Time] Demon Lord.

My [Creation] medal might not be as lucrative to him anymore but that wasn't a cause for worry because I already foresaw the means to convince him.

Chapter 7

The Gift from Stolas

After finishing my persuasion of [Dragon] Demon Lord Astaroth, I had decided to return, for the moment, back to Avalon.

After talking to him, I felt that the reason he agreed so easily to help Marcho was because he really wanted to in the first place and just wanted an excuse. Of course, it also greatly helped that Stolas was beside me. I ended up making use of Astaroth's parental love and his wish of doing one last thing for her.

I had decided that I would wait only one day after returning to Avalon for a reply from the [Time] Demon Lord. If no such letter came by then, I would go to his place for a direct reply. *There isn't enough time.*

"Procell, I'm also going to help."

Stolas and I had left Astaroth's dungeon and had just used the Transfer array that led to her dungeon when she suddenly said so.

"Stolas, do you realize what exactly it is you just said?"

I reflexively replied so.

Stolas's abilities were extremely strong and her assistance would surely be appreciated but that wasn't reason enough to include her in this fight. After all, doing so would just give the old Demon Lords an excuse to attack her as well.

"Marchosias-sama is a Demon Lord I admire so I want to help too but besides that..."

Stolas said so and then looked at my direction.

She was surely worrying about me.

It seemed that just like how I wanted to help Marcho, Stolas wanted to help me. Upon such realization, I placed a hand on her head.

“Thank you. Your sentiment alone is enough. Stolas, you should just focus on your own [War].”

“But, Procell, I can fight too!”

“I know that but for this campaign of helping Marcho, I will have to fight with all my might. I can’t afford to worry about you too.”

“Are you saying I’m going to be a burden?”

She asked so with a sulky expression on her face.

“Yes. The enemies will be veteran Demon Lords and although you are excellent as a new Demon Lord, you will not be able to match them. Moreover... I don’t want to see you getting hurt.”

The moment I said yes, Stolas trembled with anger. However, upon hearing my explanation and perhaps realization that my words were true, she immediately changed her expression into that of frustration.

“...I understand. It’s surely as you say: the way I am right now, I don’t have enough power to keep up with you. But remember, I worry about you too.”

I was glad that she gave the idea up. If harm ever came her way because I let her lend me a hand, I could never forgive myself.

“I’m going to give up on fighting alongside you but at least let me help.”

She then summoned a monster that was in her [Storage] and it was one of her Covenant monsters.

This particular one had a beyond-normal special ability that could strengthen the entire army it was in. Plus, it also had the ability to instantly build a communication network via telepathy. A monster making use of those two together made one of the strongest commanders.

Such was the angel of wind Rozelitte the Rathgrith who appeared like a beautiful woman with snow-white wings.

“Rozelitte, you are to pretend to be [Creation] Demon Lord Procell’s subordinate and gather intelligence as a spy. At all cost, gather information that will lead to my army growing stronger. To avoid being suspected by him, you are to faithfully obey whatever he says.”

“Definitely, Stolas-sama. I, Rozelite, shall pretend to be [Creation] Demon Lord Procell’s loyal subordinate.”

Right in front of me, Stolas grandly gave such orders to Rozelitte who was supposed to be her trump card.

“Thank you, Stolas.”

“What are you talking about? I only sent out a spy for my own benefit.”

While saying so, Stolas did the handing over procedures and then extended her hand toward me. When I took and shook it, her Rozelitte then became my monster.

By giving me this monster, she was able to help me without the danger of being in war with the old Demon Lords. In fact, in this situation, this was the only way she could help me.

However, because the monster was now mine, if I felt like it after the war, I could choose not to return it.

As a Demon Lord, this action of hers was a very naïve one but as a friend, it was the greatest support.

“Then I who have fallen for your scheme shall accept this poisonous gift.”

I smiled and accepted her Rozelitte.

This monster who had the ability to strengthen her army as well as the ability to transmit information was surely going to be helpful in this upcoming war.

Stolas then turned her back on me as if to say she wouldn't talk anymore so I decided to just speak while she was like that.

"Stolas, someday, when you're older, you will surely be a fine woman."

For some reason, those were the words that naturally came out of my mouth. In reaction, her shoulders trembled but only for a moment. She then silently walked to another Transfer array and used it. the moment she was about to disappear, she shouted something:

"Procell, you mothercon!"

I completely had no idea what she meant but strangely, I smiled.



After parting with Stolas, I returned to Avalon, checked up on Rorono regarding her tasks, and then returned to my residence.

There, I had decided to talk with Rozelitte while sipping some black tea.

In order to make full use of her capabilities, I needed to get to know her well enough.

I have looked at her status but knowing that alone wouldn't do; I needed to talk with the person herself.

Race: Rathgrith

A rank

Level: 69

Physical Strength: C

Endurance: C+

Agility: A

Magic: A

Luck: B
Special: S

Skills:

- Wide-range Empathy
- Angelic Halo of Light
- Overseer of Wind
- Advanced Support Magic
- Overseer of Light

Her physical strength and endurance were low but overall, her stats were high-level.

Unlike my S rank monsters, she didn't have any *Ruler* skills but she did have skills of the next rank. More specifically, she had the Overseer of Wind and Light skills which were highly versatile skills.

Furthermore, her Wide-range Empathy which was a telepathic ability that wasn't restricted by her distance to her target but rather by the condition that both needed to be on the same army, was an ability that all Demon Lords would kill for. After all, one could, through her, gather their monsters' intelligence about events unfolding in real time over a very wide area. It could be argued that this was one of the strongest of abilities.

Also, one other ability of hers—the Angelic Halo of Light—was strong as well. Its effect was the bonus (small) to all of her ally monsters' abilities.

It was a no-brainer to want her in one's army.

For Stolas, this monster was absolutely essential in her fighting force perhaps to the point that if ever she got into a [War] without this monster, it could spell trouble for her. Stolas knew this risk and yet still lent it to me. *I must repay her thoughtfulness*, I wholeheartedly thought.

After a short while, my conversation with Rozelitte was over. Devoid of any peculiar abilities, I came to the conclusion that she was easy to make use of.

“Procell-sama.”

Breaking the silence, Rozelitte said so.

“What is it, Rozelitte?”

Even though she was a monster, her being an angel-type made me strangely tense. *Maybe this discomfort she brings can prove beneficial.*

“There is one thing I would very much like to ask. It isn’t related in any way to the upcoming fight and so I would like to have your permission to ask it.”

“I don’t see any particular problem with that. Go ahead and ask.”

When I answered her so, she gave me a smile.

“I would like to know your reason for choosing to pretend not to notice Stolas-sama’s feelings.”

Upon hearing her, I accidentally sprayed the black tea I had just sipped.

She was right on the mark so it was a little hard to reply. *So even the monsters have noticed?*

“What’s the matter, Procell-sama? Are you going to say that you haven’t noticed Stolas-sama’s affection for you? Stolas-sama, in this regard of conveying her feelings, is quite obvious. Perhaps as obvious as you purposely ignoring that affection.”

For her to say that much, it didn’t seem like she was trying to trick me. And so, I resigned myself and decided to answer her query honestly.

“It’s because I want the two of us to remain friends. I cannot reciprocate her feelings but if I said that to her, I fear that our friendship will be over. Does this answer satisfy

you? Also, this is just in case but I am forbidding you to tell Stolas any of this. I don't mind forcing you into agreeing by way of my authority as your Demon Lord."

When I said so, the expression on her face somewhat softened.

"Certainly, Procell-sama. At the very least, I am relieved to know that you hold some feelings toward Stolas-sama. As soon as I return to her side, I will tell her to push harder."

"Did you not hear anything that I said?"

"Of course, I did. It's just that so long as there are some affection, no matter what kind, things will work itself out. And as long as that's true, I, Rozelitte, will cheer—"

Mid-sentence, she felt my cold stare and decided to clear her throat.

What the, rather than calling this girl Stolas's subordinate, it's totally better to say that this girl's her friend.

Then again, that was what I thought Demon Lords and monsters should be like. At that, I couldn't help but smile wryly.

I just couldn't picture myself being like that with Stolas. But if it indeed unfolded like she said, I might want to see a flustered Stolas a little.

It was only a little but the tense atmosphere between Rozelitte and me had somewhat slackened. *Perhaps, I thought, this is the reason she brought the subject up.*

And then, when I casually looked at the window, I saw that the crow monster I had dispatched to send a message to the [Time] Demon Lord had been impatiently waiting there after its return.

The crow monster had brought back [Time]'s reply and I proceeded to read it. What was succinctly written there was: *come immediately.*

In the hopes of making the upcoming negotiations easier, The letter I had sent him contained things that would anger him. It seemed like it worked. But then again, maybe he had realized my plan but still decided to play along.

Either way, I was convinced the negotiations this time would far easier than the one with the [Dragon] Demon Lord. As for why, it was because I had in my hand the strongest card that the [Time] Demon Lord could absolutely not ignore.

Notes: Changed Rorono's skill from Bearer of All Things to Overseer of All Things. **All Things** here is in the sense of All Creation.

Chapter 8

The Promise with the [Time] Demon Lord

After checking on the progress of our ordnance development, led by Rorono, and our potion production, led by Aura, I left Avalon together with Kuina and Wight. Just as before, they were the strongest two I could bring in case of emergencies.

Our destination was the [Time] Demon Lord's dungeon. His strength was going to be absolutely necessary in helping Marcho and for that reason, I took a gamble. I had sent him a letter whose purpose was to provoke him. Due to that, I had received a reply that only stated: *come immediately*.

I had already set up a Transfer array that led to his dungeon during my previous visit so heading over there wouldn't take much time by using the crow monster that had delivered letters to and fro.



"We've been expecting you. [Creation] Demon Lord Procell-sama, Dantalian-sama is waiting for you."

The moment we arrived in a room within [Time]'s dungeon, a male monster with crow wings growing out of his back lowered his head and said so.

My guess was that it was the next rank variant of the crow monster that was given to me.

Kuina had her guards up toward this monster and for Kuina to do so, it meant that this monster was unmistakably strong.

For such a monster to be posted near the Transfer array, it seemed like [Time] was greatly anticipating my arrival. *It seems he's dismayed that I hit his sore spot.*

With things going as it was, I predicted that the negotiations would go smoothly. However, I knew I still couldn't let my guard down. Since I did provoke one of the three

strongest Demon Lords, even if he thought *I'm prepared to receive any punishment for attacking a new Demon Lord*, I really couldn't complain.

It was a situation where even my life was at risk so I knew I must brace myself.



The monster with the crow wings guided me into an audience area prepared for the [Time] Demon Lord's throne room.

This was my second time in this place.

Marcho, [Dragon], and [Time] all had these really impressive rooms. *Perhaps it's the Demon Lord look?*

Avalon didn't have such a place nor did it really need one since only a few ever go to my crystal room and the city above the ground was where most activities happened.

But then again, if it is really part of the whole Demon Lord look, I guess it's better to prepare one once this ordeal is finished.

When I neared the throne, my freedom to think about such things vanished in an instant.

The [Time] Demon Lord, the master of this room, had his back resting on his throne, his face somewhat hidden but not enough to mask his quiet anger.

Standing beside him was a lone girl who was in the first half of her teens.

Her appearance greatly resembled Kuina's except this girl had white hair and ears and tails that belonged to a wolf rather than a fox. Also, her tail was a size smaller than Kuina's.

She might look like Kuina but the expression on her face and the atmosphere around her were cold and calm. If Kuina was fire, this girl was ice.

With my current power, I wasn't able to see the status of a high-ranking monster but with the amount of her magic power and with her presence, I had doubt that she was

a being that exceeded A rank. *She's an S rank monster that's probably made using my [Creation] medal.*

“So, [Creation] Demon Lord Procell, you dared send to me, the [Time] Demon Lord, such a ludicrous letter, have you? I wonder, are you prepared to die?”

Concealing his anger, the [Time] Demon Lord calmly asked so.

He was calm and yet the intimidation I felt was tremendous enough to shake my soul. Still, drawing away was not an option. Thinking that, I put on as resolute as a face I could and spoke.

“Ludicrous? I only stated the truth. And I'll verbally state so here again. Do you intend to be quiet and be just a spectator while the woman that you love is in danger!? That sort of incompetence is why Marcho has rejected you. I am giving you this chance at redemption so help me, [Time] Demon Lord Dantalian.”

I spoke out loud the contents of the letter I had sent him. He was in love with Marcho and he probably thought I was too so I decided to challenge him using the sense of rivalry that he felt. *Will he let his rival keep looking down on him?*

I thought he was going to lash out but his reaction was actually quite the opposite. He took a deep breath and exhaled it grandly. Rather than lashing out, he placed his right hand on his face and revealed a light smile.

“Don't talk to my master like that!”

The wolf-eared girl that looked like Kuina angrily shouted so. The furs on her white fluffy tail stood on end as she looked down on me with a cold yet furious expression on her face.

A cold wind then blew as though it was gathering around her.

Kuina sensed something and went closer to the girl to sniff at the air until she was right in front of the wolf-girl.

“Oto-san, this girls smells just like Kuina does!”

Kuina’s innocent voice diffused the tension in the air.

After she declared so, perhaps because of her curiosity about that girl, Kuina got closer still and alternated between sniffing and staring at the girl.



“Stop, stop it!”

The wolf-eared girl swung her hand as she protested but...

“Calm down. Celestial Wolf, do not embarrass me. And, [Creation] Demon Lord Procell, keep your subordinate under control.”

“Uuuu, alright, Father.”

[Time] reprimanded the girl that looked like Kuina, or rather, the Celestial Wolf. I was a little surprised that it called him Father. *A rather good preference*, I thought.

“Kuina, get back here. Don’t be rude to the [Time] Demon Lord’s monster.”

“Alright, Oto-san. But, that girl, she’s definitely Kuina’s little sister!”

I resisted giving a wry smile for that remark of hers. It amused me that Kuina intuitively recognized the true nature of the Celestial Wolf which was a monster born out of my [Creation] and undoubtedly Marcho’s [Beast] medal.

Up until this point, the medals used were same as the ones I used for Kuina. The last medal, the point they differed, was surely [Time]. Although Kuina called the girl her little sister, it was a being that was almost like Kuina.

That said, I was sure that the existence of the Celestial Wolf was more due to his wish of having a daughter that was made using his and Marcho’s medals rather than an aim to make the strongest monster possible.

“Now, [Creation] Demon Procell, let’s return to our conversation, shall we? I believe you were in the middle of provoking me. I have seen through your plans. You’re first going to provoke me and make lose my composure by inciting my sense of rivalry, followed by making me understand something. Enough with the act already; tell me your real objective.”

I see, so the reason why he became strangely calm after hearing me was because he has indeed seen through everything already.

As expected of a veteran Demon Lord, it was a simple thing to see through my acting, such as it was.

But if so, I realized that there wasn't much of a problem and thus decided to proceed as planned.

"If things go on as they are now, Marchosias-sama will be defeated. In order to help her--"

"Hmm. You might not be aware of this but we, the three strongest Demon Lords--"

"Have a non-interference agreement, correct? And you have sworn so to the Creator, making it absolute."

It was only for a moment but he definitely was surprised.

"So that stubborn old man has told you, huh? Not that it matters. If you know about that agreement, you should also know that there is nothing I can do for you."

"I know and that's why my request to you is not to defeat the enemies that are attacking Marcho's dungeon."

The moment the [Dragon] Demon Lord explained to me about their agreement, I had given up on fighting alongside them.

"Ohh. Then, what is it that you request of me?"

"My request is for you to protect my dungeon, my Avalon, until the fighting ends. That's all. If you protect Avalon for me, I can give my all in helping Marchosias-sama."

I chose to not worry about the consequences of this in the future and requested it of him.

The plan I had thought up was that while the [Dragon] Demon Lord dealt with the one pulling the strings thus causing the enemies' offense to slow down, the [Time] Demon Lord was to guarantee the safety of my dungeon.

All that was left for me was to focus all my power into defeating the ones directly assaulting Marcho's dungeon.

Plus, this way, both Demon Lords didn't have to violate their non-interference agreement.

"Wait, are you planning to attack the many Demon Lords attacking Marchosias by your own?"

"Yes. I can do it on my own."

"With conceit like yours, I'm astonished you've made it this far."

He said so as he smiled slightly.

"Be that as it may, what do I stand to gain from all this?"

"The peace of mind that the woman you love is alive and well."

"Even if I helped, she will still only have less than half of a year left to live. So, for that half year, tell me why I should cooperate with a rival."

I had expected such a response so I had an answer prepared.

"If you truly love someone, I believe you will want them to live longer, even if for only half a year more. I truly do believe that and that's why I'm willing to risk my life as well as bow my head to you. If someone thinks that the half a year left to Marcho is meaningless, then I think that fellow doesn't have the right to even say he loves her. I will never approve of him."

I stopped bothering with polite speech and chose to be frank with my feelings in order to convey the truth.

Half a year might be short for someone who had a long life of three hundred years but I refused to believe that that span of time was meaningless.

I had only known Marcho for less than a year and yet even I thought so. There was no

way that he who had loved her for centuries wouldn't think that.

"You're such a romantic Demon Lord, aren't you?"

"I don't want to be hear that from a Demon Lord that made a daughter using a combination their own and Marcho's medals."

From a while now, the Celestial Wolf that looked like Kuina was fuming as she sent menacing looks at me. It might have seemed to her that I was harassing her father.

"Really now, whenever I look at you, I am reminded of that fellow that isn't here anymore. A man who is pointlessly confident and always collected on the outside but hot-blooded on the inside. Yeah, insufferable. But just the kind of man that Marcho is weak to.... Ohh, I see. Is that why that stubborn old man has expectations of you?"

He spoke so in a strangely nostalgic and somewhat lonely voice.

"[Creation] Demon Lord Procell, you're on the right track—provoking me, riling up my emotions, and telling me of your resolve— but I'm afraid it's not enough to change my refusal of helping you. "

This stubborn man.

I gulped down such words before they got out of my mouth.

So finally it's time to play the best hand I have.

"I see. Then, how about if I added another condition? If you cooperate with me, I can make Marcho live longer than that half a year left to her and therefore give you more time with her. I know that you've been extending your own lifespan and that you've been persuading her to do the same."

On the day I last met with Marcho, I had offered her my [Rebirth] but her reply to me was: *I'll tell you what I told that guy. I have no desire for an immortal life.*

Even back then, I was convinced that the other guy Marcho was referring to was none other than the [Time] Demon Lord.

“I see but I have always been turned down whenever I propose it. Are you saying you can somehow persuade her to accept my power when I have failed many times before?”

That was another way to go but one that I couldn't really choose since Marcho had been adamant on turning down his offers.

“Not exactly but I am going to prolong her life. Just that it's going to be through my own powers. After all, what's important is she's alive and as long as she lives, you'll have the chance to impress her. That chance is the best I have to offer to you. Now, choose, [Time] Demon Lord: will you cooperate with me or not??”

Ever since I got here, this was the first time the [Time] Demon Lord showed dismay.

He knew about my [Rebirth].

There was also no doubt in my mind that he had gathered enough intelligence to know that it was the ability I used on my [War] against the three Demon Lords.

“Are you sure you can make her say yes even though each time I asked she had said no?”

“If it's me, I'm sure she'll agree.”

I looked him straight in the eye and declared so.

This was a vow between men.

Marcho herself might not have wished to live longer but I did.

“Fuu, good grief. If maybe I was as pushy as you, she probably would have changed her mind already. I guess I should change in that regard. Anyway, if you can do it, I would indeed have more time with her. Very well, I will cooperate with you.”

“Thank you, Dantalian.”

“However, are you sure about letting me, a rival, into your dungeon while you’re away? You do realize I can do whatever I want, should I choose to.”

I smiled slightly at the scenario I knew he wouldn’t do.

“What I’m sure of is that you wouldn’t stand in the way of my attempt to help Marcho. Besides, I’m not really a rival. I love Marcho but not in a romantic way.”

We were similar but also different. Unlike him, my feelings were not of the romantic nature.

That being said, what I was offering to him wasn’t Marcho herself, only the chance to court her. I had no right on the former.

“I see. Well, whatever. Here are two gifts for you.”

He said so and handed a medal to me. Upon receiving it, I checked the details on the said medal.

<[King] medal: A Rank. Boosts (Medium) all abilities except for Special. Grants charisma and leadership qualities to the monster.>

“What’s this for?”

“That medal will work well with Marcho. I’m giving this to you to prevent you from using any strange medal on her. Now, the other one,”

He said so and then gave the back of the Celestial Wolf standing beside him a push.

“I’m going to entrust you with this Celestial Wolf. This child will surely be of help to you.”

“Wait, what about the previously imposed rule?”

“I’ll probably receive a penalty for this but no matter, this child is undoubtedly born for a situation such as this.”

In my previous [War] with other Demon Lords, because there were new Demon Lords that had been given monsters solely for them to gain advantage in the said [War], a new rule was put into effect.

Due to this, old Demon Lords were prohibited from giving monsters to new Demon Lords even if those new Demon Lords weren’t their ward. Violating this rule had corresponding penalties.

Even so, the [Time] Demon Lord was choosing to hand over his Celestial Wolf.

“Father, Ce-celestial Wolf is”

“Go, Celestial Wolf. Go and help your mother.”

“Understood! And after helping mother, Celestial Wolf is going to return to Father’s side right away!”

With reluctance on her face, she looked at the [Time] Demon Lord while she was heading my way.

“I’ll be in your care, [Creation] Demon Lord.”

After she said so, she pouted and turned away.

It seems it’ll be a little hard to handle this girl.

However...

“Yay ♪! Kuina’s little sister!”

“Uu–, get away, get away from me!”

The moment the Celestial Wolf became my monster, Kuina came to hug her. It seemed Kuina was completely pleased with the Celestial Wolf.

“[Creation] Demon Lord Procell, I have tolerated you thus far but in the event that you fail to save Marcho and in the event that you break your promise, know that I will absolutely not forgive you. No matter the means, no matter the penalties, I will make you pay.”

“Of course. I’ll show you I can definitely help her.”

The [Time] Demon Lord and I both laughed. With this, I could focus with all of my might on helping Marcho.

After three days, I was set to head to Marcho’s dungeon with all of my forces. *I’m definitely going to help her.*

Note: Much like Kuina, the Celestial Wolf refers to herself using her name, or in this case, her race name. I might use Tenrou (which means the same) for simplicity starting next chapter.

Chapter 9

The [Creation] Demon Lord sorties

After leaving [Time] Demon Lord Dantalian's dungeon, we immediately returned to Avalon via the crow monster's Transfer.

I was able to safely persuade him into helping in the form of protecting my city of Avalon during my absence.

I also got two other things from him.

The first was the [King] medal which was a powerful A rank medal.

The second was the monster that Dantalian had made using my [Creation] medal. It was the S rank Celestial Wolf.

"Why does Celestial Wolf have to be separated from Father and follow such an unreliable Demon Lord? This is the worst. I wanna go home."

For some time now, the Celestial Wolf was twitching her white wolf-ears as she spouted off such complaints.

Her appearance might be almost the same as Kuina's but since her facial expressions and aura were cold and tough, the two of them were worlds apart.

"Well, please be patient until this campaign is over. Once we've helped out Marcho, you can go back. But for the meantime, you're my monster and that means you must obey my commands."

"It can't be helped. But if you command Celestial Wolf to do anything lewd, I'm going to tell Father about it later!"

"Command you to what!?"

Her appearance was that of a 13 year old's. I wasn't a lolicon so of course I wouldn't do such a thing to her.

At any rate, what surprised me was the intimacy between her and the [Time] Demon Lord. I had thought that he had a business-like relationship with his subordinates but looking at the Celestial Wolf, it seemed like they had built a close and good connection.

Race: Celestial Wolf

S rank

Name: Felsias

Level: 72

Physical Strength: A+

Endurance: A

Agility: S

Magic: A

Luck: A

Special: S+

Skills:

- Wolf King
- Time Control
- Atomic Motion Control
- Ultra-rapid Reaction
- Beast Transformation

STATUS

RACE

CELESTIAL WOLF

RANK

S

NAME

FELSIAS

LEVEL

72

PHYSICAL STRENGTH

A+

ENDURANCE

A

AGILITY

S

MAGIC POWER

A

LUCK

A

SPECIAL

S+

SKILLS

WOLF KING / TIME CONTROL / ATOMIC MOTION
CONTROL / ULTRA-RAPID REACTION / BEAST
TRANSFORMATION



Becoming a subordinate of mine made it possible for me to check her status.

Simply put, she was amazing.

She was born as an S rank with a progressive level and had already reached the 70s mark which even Kuina hadn't done yet. Reaching level 70 meant that she was already on par with a static-level S rank.

With none of her stats dropping below the grade of A, she was the ultimate all-rounder. Not to mention, each of her skills was outside of the norm.

Wolf King: *Physical Strength, Endurance, and Agility are all improved by one grade.*

Time Control: *Grants the ability to control the time of oneself or those within 1 meter of the user.*

Atomic Motion Control: *Grants the ability to control the amount of heat via the manipulation of the movement of atoms.*

Ultra-rapid Reaction: *Grants the utmost of reflexes. There isn't any delay between thought and movement.*

Beast Transformation: *Transforms the user into an ice-attributed wolf. Upon activation, all stats except for Luck and Special are improved by one grade.*

Time Control and Atomic Motion Control were tremendously versatile.

Furthermore, if Wolf King and Beast Transformation were used at the same time, she would gain absurd stats. Using Ultra-rapid Reaction with those absurd stats made her broken, if she wasn't already.

There were probably only a few monsters that could match her. The ones that could from my own monsters were probably only Kuina, Wight, and Aura.

Besides those, one other thing surprised me.

"You have been given a name?"

The Celestial Wolf was given the name Felsias.

The [Time] Demon Lord only referred to her as Celestial Wolf so it wasn't until I viewed her status that I was made aware of such.

The Celestial Wolf, a monster that had a name and this much power, could very well be table-turner for this war, I thought.

"You're the worst for peeping at the secret between Celestial Wolf and Father; it's a name he uses only when it's just the two of us."

Celestial Wolf, or rather, Fel, proudly and somewhat gleefully told me so.

It was likely that the reason why [Time] didn't say her name in public was that he was embarrassed.

For him to base Celestial Wolf's name after Marcho, it immediately humanized him to me.

"Woaaahhhh! What a cute name! Kuina will also call you Fel-chan now."

"Did you even listen to what I said? Only Father gets to call me Fel."

"Don't be so stiff, Fel-chan! Kuina is Fel-chan's older sister so Kuina's special. There's problem in calling you Fel-chan!"

"Sto-stop it"

Their fluffy tails swayed while being intertwined with one another.

The sight of the two who were unmistakably sisters was a very pleasant thing.

Even though Celestial Wolf was saying such things, she didn't seem to hate what Kuina was doing.

Surely, it's because she wants a friend of the same age, I thought.

If it was the friendly and helpful Kuina, making friends with Celestial Wolf was more than possible.

“I’d like to ask Rorono to make a weapon for Celestial Wolf too but right now, she’s just too busy.”

I wanted to give Celestial Wolf a weapon of her own to make better use of her strengths. After all, the total attack power was the sum of the attack power of one’s weapon and their own attack power.

Moreover, a weapon that could deal great damage from afar was greatly better.

“Ah, Oto-san, I have a good idea. Instead of a gun, how about that experimental weapon Rorono has been working on for the Avalon-Ritters?”

“Ahh, that, huh. But can anybody even handle it?”

The disappointing weapon that even the absurdly strong Avalon-Ritters couldn’t wield came to mind. The results were so disappointing that the development for the weapon was cancelled.

“Uh-huh. If Kuina tries, Kuina can use that. So, if it’s Fel-chan, there’s no problem too.”

For reasons unclear to me, Kuina gave her seal of approval.

Given that, I thought about it for a while.

Considering Celestial Wolf’s Magic, Physical Strength, and Ultra-rapid Reaction...

“Yeah, it’ll probably be alright. Ok, Kuina, hand over that weapon to Fel and teach her how to use it. And then, the two of you do some practice together. I’m entrusting her to you.”

“Ah! [Creation] Demon Lord, did you just call me Fel!?”

“Understood, Oto-san!”

Kuina then pulled Celestial Wolf, or rather, Fel by the scruff of her neck until they were gone.

What I could do for the moment was to figure out how to make use of the monsters that weren't in my initial plans. Namely, Rozelitte who I got from [Wind] Demon Lord Stolas and Fel who I got from [Time] Demon Lord Dantalian.

Not making use of such powerful monsters was something I could not afford.

Time to plan a strategy that will better my chances, then. Looks like I'll be busy for a while.



Finally, the day of our departure arrived.

While my monsters were busy preparing for the said departure, I was speaking with the commanding officer of Avalon's intelligence corps.

"Fuu, you're really a slave driver, patron. I thought I was gonna die. Somehow though, I was able to make it back."

The blue-haired, androgynous-looking girl I was talking to was R'lyeh Diva.

She informed me so with a tired voice while waiting for the Aura-made potion she drank to take effect and heal her tattered body.

"I'm glad you made it back."

"Uh-huh. The other dimension was crawling with enemies. The most dangerous of them all was this ninja-like person. Oh man, that ninja, he just suddenly tried kill me. If it was somebody else, they would have died! Later on though, I found out he was a monster of the [Beast] Demon Lord so I gave him the medicines."

I had made my monsters who could hide in another dimension—which were R'lyeh Diva and her subordinates, the Ocean Singers—go first and gather some intelligence for us.

Aside from reconnaissance so that we could improve our strategy, I had given them another task which was the delivery of a letter and a few of the potions we had already made to Marcho's side.

R'lyeh Diva had safely accomplished that task and returned albeit at a much later time than expected. Not only that, she also received a written letter from ninja monster which contained additional information about the enemies.

"That ninja is actually of one Marcho's Covenant monsters. You did well; that's quite the feat."

I had fought with Marcho's Monsters of the Covenant before our departure for the [Evening Party].

It was done in order to drill into me a sense of fear for old Demon Lords.

During that lesson, there was a monster that hid itself within my shadow and then grabbed me from the back. That was probably the same monster that R'lyeh Diva had encountered.

For not dying on the first murderous blow of that monster, R'lyeh Diva was truly worthy of praise.

"I'm happy for your words of praise, patron, but a show of appreciation would be better."

Really, this girl...

"I'll think about it. If we survive this ordeal, I'll give you an astonishing reward."

"I'll be looking forward to it. Well then, my wounds have healed so I'll venture forth once more. After all, regarding other-dimension business, I'm the only one you can rely on!"

I smiled wryly at her words but what she said was indeed true. The only monsters I had that could control dimensions were her and her Ocean Singers.

Their contribution was extremely great.

Now then, it's about time.

I thought so and went out of my residence together with R'lyeh Diva.



Lined up in the ground were all of the Darkness Dragons. And attached to each one's head was a container.

These containers were packed full with golems, monsters, weapons, ammunitions, and healing items.

Marcho had destroyed the Transfer array that led to her dungeon in order to prevent her enemies from using it against me. Due to that however, transportation via the sky became the fastest mode of travel.

Of course, I had intended to construct a new Transfer array once we got there. I also planned on posting monsters to guard the array.

All of my other monsters were in their corresponding positions while the leaders were gathered around me.

"You did well, Rorono."

"Master, the servicing of the *trump card* is complete. It's already loaded into the containers. We have also prepared the required amount of customized Avalon-Ritters as well as the new weapons thought up by master."

"Thank you. I can now see the prospect of victory thanks to your efforts. For this campaign, I ask you to take command of the golems including the Avalon-Ritters."

Rorono, the Elder Dwarf, had been working without sleep for three consecutive days, probably even more, all so that she could meet my expectations.

"Master, we have also managed to secure all of the required number of potions. With this, no matter the injury, it will be fine! We've used up all our stock of the golden apples though!"

"Splendid, Aura. Thanks to you, we can now expect Marcho's wounded monsters to be able to fight again. For this war, I task you to lead the High Elves and dedicate yourselves to sniping troublesome monsters from afar."

R'lyeh Diva and her subordinates had managed to deliver only but a few potions. However, upon the arrival of our full army, we would be able to bring and distribute as much potions as needed.

And then, there were Aura and the High Elves' long-range attacks from outside of their enemies' perception range. For us, the side with the inferior fighting force, such attacks were extremely vital.

"Oto-san, I've finished teaching Fel-chan how to use that experimental weapon!"

"Kuina! Like! I! Said! Don't call me *Fel-chan*!"

The fox-eared Kuina and the wolf-eared Fel seemed energetic on this day as well.

"As for you two, because of your overwhelming fighting strengths, I will entrust you the task of leading the shock troops and trample over the enemy's aces. Rampage more than anyone, more than any army."

The two stopped their messing around and then nodded to me with earnest looks on their face.

On account of them being made using three A rank medals, they were two of the most powerful S rank monsters.

And so, how many enemy aces they could defeat would prove to be very crucial in this war.

"Wight, you will be in charge of commanding everyone. Also, as my final ace, remain close to me at all times. I know this burden is great but I'm relying on you."

"Yes, my lord. So long as my lord wills it, I will overcome no matter what ordeal."

By unleashing his [Berserk], Wight was a genuine beast that is stronger than even Kuina. He was the staff officer I could rely on more than anybody.

“R’lyeh Diva, continue gathering information from that other dimension and relay it to us. If you lose control of the other dimension, our circumstances for this war will quickly turn sour. In a sense, you are our lifeline.”

“I’ll do my best for that reward. Well, being impressed by my talents is good too.”

As confident as ever, the blue-haired R’lyeh Diva replied so.

“Now, everyone, to your positions and move out!”

“””Yes!”””

My monsters nodded and then dispersed.

After a few minutes, 10 Darkness Dragons that carried containers flapped their wings.

Now, let’s go! To Marcho’s dungeon!

Chapter 10

Great Talents Mature Late

With the Darkness Dragons carrying the containers that were full of monsters, weapons, ammunitions, and potions, we left Avalon.

In the case of a [War] that was treated more like a game, the entrances between participating dungeons were linked by the Creator. Due to this, a Demon Lord didn't have to worry on how to get their monsters to another dungeon. However, for wars that didn't apply to this, a mode of travel for the monsters and their weapons was necessary.

The number of ways to transport a large amount of fighting force was surprisingly limited.

The first one was through [Transfer].

In terms of speed and potential for ambushes, it was unquestionably strong.

However, there were difficulties with it.

Transfer could be freely used within one's own dungeon but when at least one end was located outside of the dungeon, it could only be used if Transfer arrays had been set up beforehand on both ends.

Additionally, even a B rank monster could only Transfer, at most, three monsters at once for probably a total of only ten times. An S rank monster could perform better but given the circumstances, I could not afford to make one at the moment.

The second mode of travel was through a Demon Lord's [Storage].

This one involved placing up to ten monsters into a Demon Lord's Storage, thus enabling the said Demon Lord to transport those monsters.

Doing this meant the Demon Lord had to expose himself to the dangers of the

battlefield but in return, by using it in conjunction with Transfer, the efficiency goes way up.

That being said, only monsters could be placed into the Storage. This meant that golems, weapons, and other such things could not be transported.

The last mode of transport was simply for the monsters themselves to go to the target location.

Of course, this was full of problems too like the travel speed of the monsters being too different; some were going too fast while some were going too slow.

It was also too conspicuous. If a large amount of monsters were marching on a land route, it would surely alarm the humans and then cause too much unnecessary problems that one would rather avoid.

Considering all that, I had decided that the best way for me was the last one but via the air. Like so, worries such as travel speed, volume to be transported, and privacy were all minor.

“Oto-san, are our enemies this time strong?”

Kuina who was in the same container as me asked so while shaking her fox tail.

By the way, also present in the same container was Fel and Rozelitte.

“Yeah, they are. This is going to be the toughest fight we’ve had so far.”

After all, these Demon Lords have already lived for several years and have accumulated so much over those years.

Challenging them directly was a sure way to fail.

Only after making full use of the advantages that I had could I see a glimmer of hope.

As for what these advantages were, it included:

The weapons that were made by my [Creation] and were further improved by Rorono. Being the only one out of all Demon Lords who could naturally make S rank monsters. The wind angel Rozelitte who could strengthen all of my army and also build an ultra-wide communication network.

Each of the Avalon-Ritters which were stronger than the average A rank monster.

How I would make use of these advantages would determine the outcome of this campaign. Fortunately, we were on attacking side and could therefore choose which weapons and methods we were going to employ.

“Okay. Then, Kuina will work harder than usual. If Kuina is Oto-san’s best monster and if Oto-san is the strongest Demon Lord, then it means that Kuina is the strongest monster ever. And because of that, Kuina won’t lose to anyone.”

After hearing so, I beckoned to Kuina. In response, she got close, sat on my lap, and leaned on me. Like so, I brushed her head.

I started this war due to my own selfishness and that was all the more reason why I didn’t want to lose any of these children. *I will not allow it.*

Despite planning as much as I could in order to prevent my monsters from dying, I was uncharacteristically tensed. In an effort to calm myself down, I tried hugging Kuina and brushing her fluffy tail.

And yet, while doing that, I still wracked my brain for ideas.



Several hours later, we were almost at [Beast] Demon Lord Marchosias’s dungeon. By using high-performance binoculars, I surveyed the surrounding from up in the sky.

“As I thought, it’s surrounded.”

Her dungeon was an orthodox castle dungeon. But even more relevant for the

moment, it was surrounded by several monsters. More than hundreds of them.

By doing so, they were able to prevent enemy reinforcements going into the dungeon as well as provide reinforcements of their own to those already sieging within.

What a bother. Just going inside Marcho's dungeon is this bothersome already.

Her dungeon wasn't surrounded only on the ground, on the sky too.

As we neared the dungeon, the closer we got to the flying dragons and gigantic bird monsters circling in the sky.

Humans couldn't reach us in the sky but the same couldn't be said about Demon Lords and monsters. Just because we were flying, it didn't mean we were safe.

"Aura, it's as we assumed. Are you ready?"

Aura wasn't in the same container that I was in. Normally, my voice wouldn't be able to reach her ears but since it was her, she could, through the wind, pick up the sound in my vicinity.

<Yes, master. All the members of the sniping corps are in their designated positions. Awaiting for your commands.>

Aura sent her reply to me via the wind. She sounded more excited than usual. Full of joy even.

"I grant you permission to fire as you see fit. Take your prized sniping corps and work together with the Darkness Dragons to take control of the sky. Let the High Elves focus on the small fries while you focus on the ones with great amounts of magic power."

<Leave it to us. We will teach them who rules the sky! ♪>

Like that, the sound of gunfire began.

Even though the Darkness Dragons were superior among B rank monsters, carrying a heavy load would cause their unarmed fighting prowess to fall down. So, to compensate for that was the sniping corps.

The sniping corps was composed of the elves including Aura. Each member wasn't inside any of the containers but on the back of the Darkness Dragons. Each one also carried their own anti-materiel rifle which could pierce even tanks.

With the elves' special eyes and with wind on their side—instead of the enemies'—even fast flying monsters were dealt with in one shot.

That wasn't all. Since they had leveled up a lot, they could now use wind magic aggressively.

For example, as a group, they could control the weather. For the flying enemy monsters, this was the worst obstruction. Due to this, the enemy's flying dragons and gigantic bird monsters' movement got worse.

As expected of Aura, she's very skillful in using her powers.

"Rozelitte, contact Wight. Tell him to immediately strengthen the Darkness Dragons. Also tell him that as soon as we have complete control of the sky, quickly commence the eradication of the monsters on the ground."

"Certainly, Procell-sama."

The reason I placed Rozelitte in the same container as me was so that she could relay my orders to everyone via telepathy. Her Wide-range Empathy skill was truly amazing.

As long as she was here, my voice could reach anywhere.

A few moments later, the Darkness Dragons were covered by a black aura.

It was the effect of Wight's special ability, the [Ruler of Death], which provided army-wide strengthening to undead units.

Because it continuously consumed magic power while active, I had chosen to preserve it until this moment.

And so, the speed of the Darkness Dragons rose and the elves of the sniping corps got into better positions. As for the enemy aerial defense force who were already in a bad state due to the weather, they just got into an even worse state of affairs.

With the Darkness Dragons taking care of those in the front with their breath attacks and with the elves shooting those in the rear with their anti-materiel rifles, the enemy—who by comparison could only attack those in front of them—stood no chance in this aerial dogfight.

A few minutes later, the elves and dragons had managed to easily annihilate the enemy monsters and thus take control of the sky.

The sky now calm and devoid of enemies, the Darkness Dragons then turned around and got themselves into the best possible positions. When they were ready, they then began to drop the large amounts of napalm bombs from the containers.

By activating their [Miasma (Weak)] skill, the Darkness Dragons who were already superior B rank monsters in terms of offense, further increased their offensive capabilities.

Moreover, Wight had also activated his [Ruler of Death] skill while Rozelitte had activated her [Angelic Halo of Light]. With all of these three strengthening skills working at the same time, everything on the ground was being turned into ash by the flames that were dyed black by the miasma.

It was dark hell made real.

Only monsters with extreme resistance to fire could survive such a hell but that didn't really matter since the sniping corps led by Aura were executing such survivors.

The cursing of countless burning and dying monsters could be heard from the ground. Try as they might though, we were so high up that no attack of theirs could ever hope to reach us. Before long, their cursing died down.

“They were intended to be their defense but for us, they’re just food.”

By this point, we had successfully destroyed the enemy encirclement. However, that wasn’t much cause for celebration.

We had consumed a considerable amount of napalm bombs in our previous war and even though the undead monsters were working full time in the undead factory to make more, there were only so much they could make. And now, with this attack, our inventory of it was nearly gone.

We had two reasons as to why we chose to use the powerful napalm bombs instead of preserving them.

The first was that eliminating the monsters near Marcho’s dungeon’s entrance was absolutely necessary so that we could get inside. Choosing to charge our way in wasn’t wise as we could easily be surrounded by the enemies. On the other hand, annihilating the enemy monsters with napalm instead of charging in meant that Marcho’s monsters and my own would be able to surround the enemies that had already entered her dungeon.

The other reason was to level up my S rank monsters. We had predicted that the outside of Marcho’s dungeon would be surrounded and thus planned to bomb those enemies. Since we knew that this was going to happen, we partied the Darkness Dragons with the S rank monsters. In other words, the several hundreds of monsters we killed just now were going to be nourishment for my S rank monsters.

I then looked at Kuina’s direction.

Her face was red and she was embracing her own body.

Something was weird. While it was quite normal for Kuina to be drunk on the ecstatic feeling she gets from leveling up, something was different this time.

Her eyes were drowsy, her tail was trembling, and her breathing was heavy.

“Oto-san, Kuina, Kuina’s body feels so hot.”

クイナ、届いたの。

やっと、ちゃんとした天狐になった

天狐

クイナ



And then, her deep red eyes shined obscenely.

Following that, Kuina grew up. At first she looked like 12 or maybe 13 years old but then she looked 14 or even 15. Her tail became fluffier and the fur on it became softer.

“Oto-san, Kuina has reached it. Finally, Kuina’s a proper Celestial Fox.”

While leaning on me and breathing heavily, she looked up at me.

“I see, I see”

What *becoming a proper Celestial Fox* meant was that she had finally reached level 70 which was the standard level for fixed-level S rank monsters to be born in.

By nature, Celestial Foxes were the late-blooming type of powerful monsters.

Because I had made Kuina with a progressive level instead of a fixed one, she was unable to make the best use of her original powers. Her stats were dampened and a portion of her special abilities were sealed.

She had always been strong but as an S rank monster, she was just at the starting line.

As her trump card, she had been using her [Transform] to temporarily borrow power from her future self. However, put in another way, this borrowed power was just the power she should already have anyway. It wasn’t a power up, it was only the removal of a negative effect.

I decided to look at her status but upon seeing it, my face twitched.

So this is the true power of a Celestial Fox, I thought, Kuina’s power until now was just a small fraction of this.

“Can I count on Kuina who has grown so strong?”

“Yup, Oto-san. Kuina has grown much, much stronger than ever so rest assured. I won’t lose to anyone. Also, now that I’ve grown, I have become able to do various things!”

This was a happy miscalculation.

Let's use that power to the utmost.



When the napalm-born fire died out, the Darkness Dragons dropped down to the ground to secure a position, crushing the few remaining survivors in the process.

The containers then opened and let out my monsters and golems.

Just as instructed to them beforehand, they didn't forget to bring ammo with them.

Also, the crow monster proceeded to set up a Transfer array here. *Just in case.*

I too went out of the container and walked to the front of my adorable monsters. Once there, I turned around, looked at each of them, and then spoke.

“The one to take command of the defense force shall be that Dwarf Smith. Kohaku the Byakko will be her counselor. Defend this entrance to the best of your ability so that the assault force going inside the dungeon won't be attacked from the rear. That must not happen. You all are their lifelines.”

The defense force included half of the Darkness Dragons and High Elves pairs to protect the sky. To guard the ground were five *normal-type* Avalon-Ritters, many Mithril Golems equipped with improved heavy-machineguns, and the ones to control them both, the Dwarf Smiths.

Wight who I considered to be a trump card wasn't part of the defense force. Because of that, the one to take command was the monster next in line to him. In other words, his very skillful adjutant, the Dwarf Smith. Also, Kohaku was there to aid her as well as to serve as backup for when things get too dangerous.

“To the assault force, from here on out, we will be going into enemy lines. I have just one command to all of you: rampage. You all are my monsters and are therefore part of the strongest army there is. There is no way you are going to lose to these moldy old timers. Now, let's go. Follow me!!”

“Yay ♪! Understood!”

“Master, let’s show them the power of the new weapon.”

“I still have lots of ammo. The potion stocks are also a-ok.”

My monsters each gave a strong reply and then followed me.

The first step in our strategy was a success.

Now, with this vigor, let’s crush them all.

Like so, we walked toward Marcho’s dungeon.

From here on out was the real war.

Chapter 11

[Burst Drive]

We had just burned the monsters surrounding Marcho's dungeon. By doing so, we had secured the entrance to her dungeon.

Before going in though, I had made the High Elves, who had excellent magic perception, search for any Transfer array the enemy might have set up.

I wanted to prevent enemy reinforcements from appearing as much as possible.

In the lead were me, Rorono, Rozelitte, and the Avalon-Ritters. The other members of the assault force entered the dungeon a little later than we did.

To prevent any attacks from the back of the assault force, the defense force were stationed right before the entrance to the dungeon.

"Rozelitte, don't forget to communicate with the defense force every five minutes, okay?"

"Rest assured, Procell-sama."

If the old Demon Lords got serious, it was possible that the defense force outside could be wiped out.

Rozelitte's Wide-range Empathy allowed us to have constant communication with the defense force. If in case there was no reply from them, it would mean that their defensive line have been broken through and that we must go forward while keeping an eye on our back.

Technically, we were not the ones in the lead.

Rather, it was the intelligence corps in the other dimension.

R'lyeh Diva, who headed the intelligence corps, was sending me reports while fighting in that other dimension. Along with complaints of being overworked.

The first dungeon room was a labyrinth made of stone. After walking a while, we came upon an open area. In that moment, we saw the enemy army. In their anticipation of us, they had arranged themselves into a semi-circle formation.

Their count exceeded more than a hundred. There were many humanoid monsters and at that, most seemed to be magic users.

Frustratingly, they had already finished their chants for their magic spells and were ready to fire wide-range destructive magic at any time.

From the overwhelming amount of magic power, I surmised that there were several A rank monsters among them. If we were to be directly hit by their spells, it was more than likely that we would be annihilated in an instant.

Defense-wise, it was understandable for them to do so. After all, the most efficient way to eliminate us, the intruders, was to gather us in one place—preferably right after a direct, straightforward path we had to go through—and then use ranged magic.

Fortunately for me, there was nothing I could not respond to so long as I had R'lyeh Diva to provide me with intelligence reports.

She was capable of sending such reports through bodies of water. For this campaign, I wore a gemmed earring. The gem of which was a crystal with water in it. And so, through the earring, I heard R'lyeh Diva's voice.

I will not waste the information Ruru has sent me while fighting in that other dimension.

“Rorono, make the Avalon-Ritters use that.”

“Mhm, understood, master.”

Rorono, who controlled the Avalon-Ritters, instructed them to activate the new weapon they had.

Rorono had perfected a fundamental theory for what was originally an equipment for the Mithril Golems but its consumption of magic power proved to be too much for them.

This equipment seemed impractical but it was exceedingly powerful. And so, three days ago, thinking whether it could be equipped on the Avalon-Ritters who had twin-drives, I instructed Rorono to put it into actual use.

And Rorono delivered.

“Watch them, master. From the first unit up to the fifth, activate anti-magic shell.”

Five of the fifteen Avalon-Ritters here began operating their twin-drives at full-throttle.

An overwhelming—and perhaps excessive—amount of magic power was generated. All of which were then supplied to the unit attached on their backs.

At almost the same time, the enemy offensive spells were fired. The enemies being comprised of many A rank monsters, a barrage of fire, lightning, water, darkness, light, and many other wide-area spells flew.

It was enough to make one tremble. The number and might of the spells had made me realize the true might of monsters under an old Demon Lord. As I was currently, I couldn't match such number of powerful spells.

That didn't mean I was afraid for my safety, though.

Even though we couldn't win through brute force, my monsters were still the best in the world. I believed in the might of the equipment Rorono made.

A force field then began to form in the center of the Avalon-Ritters. That force field took on the form of a dome and spread as wide as a few hundred meters. As a result, the magic spells fired off by the enemies were all erased.

“As expected of you, Rorono.”

“This much is natural. After all, magic is the changing of the laws of the world through the application of one’s magic power. In theory then, if we use large amounts of magic power to tell the world to not do anything in a specified area, no magic spells can be produced.”

Rorono explained the principle behind the anti-magic shell.

Having shown the overwhelming might of the new equipment, she looked triumphant.

I decided to brush her soft, silver hair and in response, she smiled with squinted eyes.

Anyway, that was the fundamental theory but she had dedicated herself into finding ways to improve the anti-magic shell. For example, it could be used with sonar weapons so that enemies would lose focus.

Furthermore, the Avalon-Ritters had another ace up in their sleeves.

“First unit until the fifth, maintain the anti-magic shell. Sixth until fifteenth, activate [Burst Drive]”

The ten remaining Avalon-Ritters made their twin-drives run even fiercer.

The twin-drives thus exhibited a tremendous amount of magic power. That wasn’t all. The particles of light it produced also shined even fiercer and even more dazzling.

This performance was beyond what the twin-drive system was capable of.

“Avalon-Ritters, burn yourselves and eliminate the enemies.”

By Rorono’s instruction, the ten Avalon-Ritters who weren’t using the anti-magic shell rushed forward.

The Avalon-Ritters’ power source was like a generator without a battery in the sense that the cores continually produced magic power but was unable to store any excess and unused power.

This inefficiency was a weak point.

To fix it then, Rorono added a battery in the form of the fur in Kuina's tail. The reason why the fur on Kuina's tail was chosen was because it boasted the capability to store an absurd amount of magic power.

As a result, the Avalon-Ritters were then able to make use simultaneously of the magic power continuously generated by their cores and also of the magic power charged within the fur, essentially creating another core. This quasi-triple drive set up was the basis for why it was called the [Burst Drive].

Even though it was only for a short while—for as long as the fur had magic power remaining in it, to be exact—these golems were comparable to even S rank monsters.

“Master, please look at the might of the ultimate golems I have made.”

Just when I thought the particles of magic power were building up too much on the thrusters located on the back of the Avalon-Ritters, they vanished. Converting their magic power into kinetic energy allowed them to move at such abnormal speeds.

In their hands were very durable orichalcum lances.

Naturally, the durability and length of the lances were not its only features. It was a weapon that caused molecular destruction; anything it touched would be destroyed.

“GYAAAAA”

“GAAAAAA”

“No, no, no way”

The screams of the enemy monsters could be heard.

The Avalon-Ritters penetrated the enemy lines like a bullet and rampaged as they pleased.

They traveled at over three times the speed of sound. The moment the enemies came into contact with the Avalon-Ritters, who became these unreasonably massive

weapons, the said enemies were simply blown away.

There was a reason why the Avalon-Ritters didn't use swords and that was because swords were hard to wield properly at such speeds. There was even the chance that swinging a sword while going that fast could rip off the golems' arms.

So, for that reason, we had decided it was best for them to ram into the enemies with a lance facing forward.

The ten Avalon-Ritters used three magic.

1. The conversion of their magic power into kinetic energy.
2. The lance of molecular destruction.
3. And the one for increasing their durability.

They needed only those three and nothing else. They were fast, strong, and durable.

The first five Avalon-Ritters were still keeping the anti-magic shell active but since it only interfered with magic that affected the physical world, the Avalon-Ritters' three magic, which only affected themselves, worked unhindered.

In short, this was a fight between enemies geared for wide-area attacks but were no longer able to use magic and the ultra-fast, ultra-durable, and ultra-strong Avalon-Ritters.

Given that, the result was obvious.

Each time the thrusters on the back of the golems shined, at least one enemy monster was turned into minced meat.

"So this is [Burst Drive], huh."

"Mhm. However, it still has many weak points. They're fast but they only move in a straight path, making them predictable. A first class monster like Kuina will be able deal with them. Even if the golems move fast enough that the naked eye can't keep up, they won't be able to charge through Kuina, especially with her Precognition and Ultra-rapid Reflexes. Furthermore, the golems are also weak to enemies that fly."



Rorono calmly analyzed the performance of the Avalon-Ritters.

As she did so, the massacre went on.

When the Avalon-Ritters stopped moving, not one enemy monster was left.

A certain number of enemies escaped but there was no real need to chase after them.

“Alright, let’s go further in. Thank the Avalon-Ritters for me.”

“They did accomplish their task but...”

“I know and that’s what I meant. Just their presence is enough of a weapon. The enemies will be none the wiser.”

“The golems still need to improve.”

The anti-magic shell generating equipment were already burnt out.

Meanwhile, for the 6th to 15th golems, their thrusters were damaged from the excessive amount of magic power poured into it. Also, their battery unit were no longer usable.

In just a few minutes of operation, all the Avalon-Ritters neared their limits.

The bodies of the first five, the ones that had anti-magic shell equipment, were still functional but the ten that used [Burst Drive] were beyond repair; all that could be done was to remove their twin-drives in order to salvage them.

I knew that this would happen. Their power was just too much to the point that even their bodies made of orichalcum could not withstand it.

By treating them as disposable fighting force, we could bump their performance from being upper A rank units to S rank equivalent ones. A luxury weapon, so to speak.

However, I didn’t regret deploying them here.

There were a lot of enemy A rank monsters here and fighting them head on would cause my main force to become exhausted or worse. That was something I wouldn’t allow.

There was one other purpose for using them now and that was to show off the might of the Avalon-Ritters. By doing so, the enemy would make counter-measures out of fear despite the fact that the Avalon-Ritters could not use [Burst Drive] again.

“Okay, let’s go further in, shall we?”

We still had a long way ahead of us.

Despite the hardships, we will absolutely advance forward. Our primary goal right now is to meet up with Marcho’s monsters as soon as possible.

Chapter 12

The One dancing in somebody else's tune

~~~??? Point of view~~~

“Ohh, so the [Creation] Demon Lord appeared, huh?”

Said one Demon Lord after receiving the report from the Lilith, a high-ranking female demon, by his side.

This Demon Lord was the ringleader of the ones aiming for the [Beast] Demon Lord's downfall. He held a glass of wine in one hand as he spoke so in a seemingly surprised tone.

After all, to this Demon Lord's eyes, it turned out that [Creation] was just another boring Demon Lord that gave in to his impulses. *Much like that idiot [Flame]*, he thought.

“Well then, what's the situation?”

“Yes, the [Creation] Demon Lord has attacked and has annihilated the forces guarding the entrance using black dragons. He then broke through the lines of the intercepting force without much resistance from the latter and is proceeding to go further in.”

He smiled.

He thought that for a Demon Lord less than a year old to be able to do this much, it was astonishing.

An ordinary or even a genius Demon Lord would have failed without even being able to enter the [Beast] Demon Lord's dungeon. And so, such a feat was commendable. [Creation] was a genius born once every few century.

However, [Creation] could only rejoice for the meantime while the Demon Lords

attacking Marchosias's dungeon were not yet fully serious.

Those Demon Lords were pouring most of their fighting force into defeating [Beast] Demon Lord Marchosias and had left their defense to their secondary troops.

Despite being regarded as secondary troops, they were still powerful monsters and defeating them would surely trigger the old Demon Lords' pride to not allow some new Demon Lord do as he pleased.

Moreover...

"Tell me about the ones left to guard [Creation] Demon Lord's dungeon."

"Yes, about that, the [Creation] Demon Lord has taken almost all of his fighting force to help in the [Beast] Demon Lord's dungeon. Attacking forces have already been formed and sent to his dungeon."

"Hmp, what a stupid fellow. That guy just started a fight with us old Demon Lords and yet left his dungeon defenseless. It almost seems like he desperately wants to die."

Old Demon Lords were forbidden from attacking the newly born Demon Lords but that was under the condition that the new Demon Lords didn't attack first. Given that [Creation] had fought the combined troops of six Demon Lords, those six Demon Lords were then made perfectly eligible to attack [Creation] in return.

In other words...

"It's only a matter of time before [Creation]'s dungeon falls."

"The first group sent, composed of quick moving monsters, are expected to arrive soon at his dungeon. It most probably won't take long for them to take down an almost empty dungeon of a young Demon Lord."

*What a stupid fellow,* the ringleader thought.

All of [Creation]'s actions were being monitored at all times so the ringleader knew that [Creation] went to [Dragon] and [Time] to ask for help. In the end though,



[Creation] went to attack by himself.

There was no way [Dragon] and [Time] would come to help [Beast] considering that the gap between the three strongest Demon Lords will never be closed. They might have achieved balance when there were four of them, the fourth being [Flame], but once that friendship failed, it was irreparable.

If [Creation] just gave up on the outrageous notion of helping the [Beast] Demon Lord after his requests for cooperation were rejected, he might still have remained safe. All alone, he was utterly helpless and was essentially headed for the place of his death.

“Fufu, soon [Beast]’s monsters will reach the peak of their fatigue. Their physical strength and magic powers will both soon be spent, with only their willpower to allow them to go on. Their stocks of recovery items are probably gone already. Considering this, the main forces of the six Demon Lords attacking her dungeon will be freed up but where shall I designate them: to deal the final blow on her or to crush that impertinent [Creation]? Oh, it’s so hard to decide.”

The [Beast] Demon Lord truly lived up to being one of the strongest Demon Lords alive: she was able to endure the fierce attacks of six Demon Lords by herself. However, no matter how powerful her monsters were, they still had limits to their endurance, both physically and magically. There were also wounds to consider.

Moreover, unlike the six Demon Lord who had secured the entrance to her dungeon, she had no way of procuring supplies of materials from outside her dungeon.

She didn’t have any time to rest.

Her esteemed army was tired and wounded.

Many named monsters were confirmed to have not yet returned to the battlefield after being heavily wounded and forced to retreat. Considering that, the remaining monsters were pressed even harder.

No matter how it was put, her defeat was imminent.

Actually, her monsters were blatantly beginning to conserve their magic power and physical strength.

“About that, I have a worrying report.”

The demon Lilith spoke so in an apologetic manner. Hearing that, the ringleader scowled.

“What!? Her monsters have become so bold that it seems like their fatigue have completely vanished? And they’re continuously using magic that consumes high amounts of magic power too!? Moreover, named monsters that have been made ineligible for battle are now returning to the battlefield!?”

After hearing the impossible report, the ringleader’s face became distorted.

If what the report said was true, it was quite displeasing. After all, the six Demon Lords attacking the [Beast] Demon Lord were losing fighting forces themselves. So if Marchosias’s monsters truly did make a recovery, the ones in a disadvantage would be...

“There are no mistakes about it. There have been indications of it since yesterday but it has become more pronounced today. No matter how I think about it, the [Beast] Demon Lord’s army are somehow receiving supplies. Furthermore, those large quantities of items are in the same league as legendary class recovery items made from a World Tree.”

“Impossible. There are only a handful of Demon Lords that could make such legendary class recovery items. Are you suggesting they’re lending [Beast] a hand!? And we have not noticed it too!?”

The ringleader didn’t know that [Creation] Demon Lord Procell’s subordinate, the avatar of the planet Ancient Elf, had grown the [First Tree], which was a sacred tree comparable to the original World Trees, and had made legendary class potions out of the golden apples borne by the said First Tree.

The ringleader also didn’t know that Procell had dispatched his intelligence corps ahead of his main force and they had already delivered as much of the potions made from the apples as they could. Those potions were primarily for Marcho’s named

monsters so that their forces could be reorganized.

The ringleader also didn't know that as soon as Procell annihilated the monsters in the first dungeon room, he made the Succubus, a monster of Marcho, use Transfer and deliver the rest of the potions.

Since the Succubus was Marcho's monster, it was able to move anywhere within Marcho's dungeon even without Transfer arrays set up at both ends beforehand.

If Procell wanted to, he could have rejoined with Marcho this way.

However, in order for the recovery of Marcho's forces and the existence of the Succubus to remain a secret, a letter was first sent to Marcho, notifying her of the potions and of Procell's plans.

Overall, it was done to ensnare the ringleader who was doing as he pleased.

"...what the, what the hell is going on? Regardless, even if she got hold of some provisions, it would only last for a moment. We only have to continue attacking her as we have been doing. But damn, now that those six Demon Lords' main forces are busy once again on taking care of [Beast]'s monsters, they can't be used to deal with [Creation]. Oh well, it's of no matter since as long as we break his undefended crystal, his monsters will all vanish."

It was a disappointment for the ringleader that he couldn't trample on [Creation] and his monsters but he didn't have much choice. Fighting a recovered [Beast] army while being assaulted from the rear wasn't amusing.

And so, crushing [Creation]'s crystal quickly became even more vital.

The ringleader knew that if he waited for just a tiny bit more, good news was sure to come.

"A report. The first group that went toward [Creation] Demon Lord's dungeon..."

*See, here it is, the ringleader thought. With this, that stupid brat is done for.*

“They’re all annihilated. As of the moment, the second and third groups are on their way there.”

The Lilith trembled as she read out loud the reports sent to her.

“What? Wasn’t [Creation]’s dungeon supposed to be empty!?”

“There is no mistake that the [Creation] took with him all of his fighting force but the ones that defeated the first group weren’t his monsters. It was the monsters of the [Time] Demon Lord’s army.”

Upon hearing those words, the ringleader finally realized that the [Creation] Demon Lord didn’t ask [Dragon] and [Time] to fight alongside him but instead asked each of them for a different task. *But if [Time] was entrusted to defend [Creation]’s dungeon, then what was [Dragon]’s part in all this,* the ringleader asked. *What the hell could it be!?*

“Continuing with the report. Demon Lords belonging to the [Dragon] Demon Lord’s faction are launching attacks against the dungeons of the ones attacking the [Beast] Demon Lord. With their main forces out of their dungeon, they are overwhelmingly outnumbered by the [Dragon] Demon Lord’s faction. Another report says some Demon Lords are hastily calling back their forces.”

“That, that bastard! So this is what he’s aiming for.”

The ringleader was furious.

The ringleader was aiming to take advantage of [Creation] and his main force’s absence from his dungeon. Unfortunately, however, the same trick was used against the ringleader’s side.

After all, the Demon Lords belonging to [Dragon]’s faction couldn’t help but jump at the tasty treats dangled before them. Those treats being the chance to easily obtain a new original medal as well as the opportunity to take out a rival.

Given that, the Demon Lords attacking [Beast] were understandably forced to recall their forces in order to defend their dungeons.

“What is [Dragon] himself doing!?”

The [Dragon] Demon Lord was known to always lead the charge.

Since his faction was now involved, it was inconceivable that the person himself was not. Moreover, he was also known to be cunning and brave; he undoubtedly was aiming for a vital spot.

In other words, he was bound to strike at the least desirable place for the ringleader and that place was...

“A report! The [Dragon] Demon Lord has appeared. He has brought twenty gigantic dragons and they’re going toward the Holy City’s Cultivation area where the still-not-yet ready imitation heroes are.”

“Damn it!! That lizard bastard! Is he insane!? If he attacks the Holy City, he’ll make himself an enemy of the world!”

*Shit.*

The ringleader had completely neglected the defense of his dungeon, thinking that it was absolutely safe just by being a Holy City. After all, anyone that would attack the Holy City was essentially declaring themselves the enemy of mankind. The [Dragon] Demon Lord must have known so and yet here he was.

*Are they mocking me? [Dragon] and [Time], who both have such high pride and won’t listen to anything I say, are following that stupid brat [Creation]!? They’re acting completely like with [Flame].*

“Come out. There’s no way I’m going to lose that place. That place isn’t made just to increase my war potential.”

While containing his rage, the ringleader summoned forth his monsters.

In that moment, the Lilith spoke.

“Ahm, we’ve received a letter from the [Dragon] Demon Lord. It was delivered by a fast-flying dragon monster.”

“Read it.”

The Lilith read out loud the message she received with a pale face.

“You, a coward pretending to be a tactician, must be feeling ecstatic after setting up shrewd traps against a real Demon Lord. Your outrageous ambitions shall be your downfall. And I am here just to teach you that.”

The ringleader struck the face of the Lilith with the back of his hand.

That hand then trembled with anger.

*Bring it, you relic of the past, he thought. All of you don’t belong in this age anymore and I am going to make you realize that.*

And so, the ringleader, who had always been acting from the shadows like a bystander, had entered the stage.

# Chapter 13

## The Power of the [Time] Demon Lord

~ From the [Time] Demon Lord's perspective ~

"Hmp, I can't believe I am being used freely by a new-born chick."

The [Time] Demon Lord, unaccompanied, had just finished using a Transfer array in order to go to the [Creation] Demon Lord's dungeon.

The place he Transferred to was the Plain previously used in Procell's war against a human city.

This Plain was set up to be the entrance to [Creation]'s dungeon.

Unless one had a Transfer array prepared beforehand, it was impossible to go into the city of Avalon without passing through this plain.

The Transfer array that [Time] used was prepared by the crow monster he had given [Creation]. Despite handing over the said monster, it was still under the command of the [Time] Demon Lord.

It was a so-called spy.

Furthermore, it had prepared the array through a method that would prevent any new Demon Lord from noticing.

"[Storage]"

He called forth the monsters that were stored in his [Storage].

The total number of monsters that awaited his instructions was fifty.

Normally, a Demon Lord could only store up to ten monsters in their [Storage] but the [Time] Demon Lord, and he alone, was successful in understanding and then improving his [Storage].

He was able to do so easily since half of the workings of [Storage] had something to do with time manipulation magic.

Hence, compared to other Demon Lords, he was able to move his forces at a much faster rate.

<Dantalian, this is quite unusual for you, isn't it? I mean, you, a hater of the inexperienced and the young, are supporting one to this extent. Even though you have abandoned and discarded your own child so quickly.>

Among the monsters that were summoned, a dragon with a remarkably huge body had sent its thoughts to the [Time] Demon Lord.

It was an old dragon with a long and slender body, similar to an oriental dragon's.

The lightning that crackled around its body further suggested it was a monster far above the others.

"I use whomever I could use and right now, I can use him to gain more time with Marchosias."

His agreement with the [Creation] Demon Lord was that in exchange for lending a hand, [Creation] would prolong [Beast] Demon Lord Marchosias's lifespan.

Demon Lords were beings that were limited to a lifespan of three hundred years. Such was also true for Marchosias whom the [Time] Demon Lord loved.

As for the [Time] Demon Lord himself though, he had been continuously controlling his own flow of time to be about half of normal.

Of course, there were times he couldn't do it so his lifespan wasn't exactly doubled.

Even so, he had succeeded in prolonging his life by, at least, a century.

He had offered several times to do the same to Marchosias but each time he asked, she



said no.

<The time to be together with the [Beast] Demon Lord, huh? Why are you satisfied with such an unreliable thing? Even if such time is granted, it will not guarantee that you'll get her.>

"That's enough for me. Whether I make her fall for me or not will depend on me and me alone. [Creation] says he's not in love with her but I know he is. Considering even that, I'm satisfied with this deal."

The [Time] Demon Lord's deal with [Creation] was strictly limited to the latter prolonging the [Beast] Demon Lord's life. Beyond that, it all depended on [Time]. And that was plenty enough for him.

Just by himself, there was nothing he could do about Marchosias's impending death. And so, he pinned his hopes of having enough time with Marchosias onto [Creation].

<Hmm, you're so desperate. Normally, you would be asking for more and making the other party accept your various demands. For you to be on the losing side of the deal, this is a first. That's exactly why I'm saying it's unusual. This is not like you at all.>

"...Ragna. You seem to sometimes forget the fact that you are my monster. But, yes, you are indeed correct. I realize that. I know that I'm being naïve, too naïve in fact. But... seeing that guy, it just brings me back to the time when [Flame] was still alive. Along with that dream comes the many regrets."

It was a golden age. It was the first time in the long history of Demon Lords that four with A rank medals were born in the same generation.

[Beast] Demon Lord Marchosias.

[Time] Demon Lord Dantalian.

[Dragon] Demon Lord Astaroth.

...and [Flame] Demon Lord Amon.

They competed with one another until, gradually, the buds of friendship was born.

Eventually, the four swore to bring happiness to each other for as long as they lived.

The [Time] Demon Lord yearned for those happy days.

Marchosias would propose something unreasonable;

Amon would get carried away;

Dantalian would point out the absurdity of it all;

And Astaroth would propose a plan to solve it;

And in the end, Amon would rise up and unify the four of them into one.

With all four of them, they could do anything. With all four of them, they were invincible.

However, they stood out too much and caught the attention of the old Demon Lords of that time.

If the four of them stood as one, they wouldn't have been defeated.

However, there was a crack between the four of them and it revolved around the rivalry between Dantalian and Amon over Marchosias.

In the midst of battle, Dantalian tried to one up Amon and show off to Marchosias.

Even now, Dantalian was regretting having done so. It was his youth and stupidity that had gotten his friend Amon killed. Ever since then, the friendship of the remaining three was ruined.

“If ever there is a next time, if ever a friend is exposed to danger once more, I will not waver. I will not lose another important person. That is what I have promised to myself on that day and I intend to keep it above all else.”

If [Time] willed it during his negotiation with [Creation], he could have snatched away several things that Avalon had a monopoly of. Those were after all treasures even from the perspective of one of the strongest Demon Lords.

Better yet, he could have demanded for [Creation] to reject Marchosias and thus not ever be a rival in love. [Time] knew, by looking at [Creation]'s eyes, that the latter

would accept even such conditions. In fact, if demanded for, [Creation] would even offer everything he could without hesitation. All so that Marchosias could be saved.

Seeing such determination in [Creation]’s eyes, [Time] decided to cooperate and even entrusted his daughter, the Celestial Wolf Fel, over to [Creation].

*[Creation] hasn’t committed the same mistakes my former self had, thought [Time]. For me to take advantage of such a guy would just make me look so unappealing and how can I ever hope to win over the best girl out there if I’m such an unappealing person?*

<Kakaka! That’s a good expression you’re wearing on your face. You’ve finally become a man worth serving. You’ve made me wait for a long time.>

Despite being [Time]’s subordinate, Ragna spoke as he wished. And upon hearing Ragna’s comment, [Time] smiled.

The Time Dragon Ragnaritte named Ragna was an A rank monster born using the [Time] and [Dragon] medals.

Excluding Fel, he was the strongest and most trusted monster of [Time].

When the four Demon Lords first swore to each other that they would walk through life together, they exchanged medals. Ragna was a monster made using those medals.

Ragna greatly looked like [Dragon] Demon Lord Astaroth, albeit a drunk one.

“The enemies will be here soon. Let’s save the idle reminiscing for later, chief.”

“Yeah, sorry Tefrail.”

Before [Time] noticed, the Qilin with flaming red mane was beside him.

This Qilin was a product of [Time] and [Flame]. A keepsake of a deceased friend, so to say.

It wasn’t a Covenant monster like Ragna but after him, it was one of the most trusted monsters of [Time].

At any rate, [Time]’s trusted and well-trained subordinate monsters were all already lined up and ready for battle.

The ones with excellent perception abilities had noticed the arrival of the enemies and notified everyone. Additionally, some monsters were also deployed in another dimension to keep an observant eye.

[Time]’s forces were always fully ready for battle.

“The ones to deal with the enemy vanguard will only be the [Chronos Knights]. All the others will observe the battle and be the last line of defense.”

[Time] Demon Lord’s monsters nodded.

The [Chronos Knights] were twenty of [Time]’s most elite forces. Each and every one of them, starting with the Time Dragon Ragnaritte, possessed the ability to control time as well as another attribute; combining time and their other attribute together, they could create dreadfully powerful effects.

Each of them possessed the power to compete against at least a dozen of average A rank monsters.

Perhaps the most terrifying of all was the Chronos Knights’ synergy of their abilities with one another. With all of them together, they could produce an output ten times more powerful than normal.

Any Demon Lord that knew of this would unanimously surrender upon the sortie of the [Chronos Knights]; fighting with such monsters head-on was suicidal.

“The enemy’s attack will most probably consist of about several hundred to a few thousand forces. We on the other hand are fifty strong. In other words, we can easily do this. Not letting any enemy lay a finger on [Creation] Demon Lord Procell’s dungeon, that much is a given for my monsters, correct?”

These well-trained monsters were all calm and composed. A thousand monsters—or even two—of a second-rate Demon Lord was not enough to elicit fear from them.

“Chief, you’re awfully passionate about this. Did something good happen?”

“It’s just that I won’t let anyone hinder [Creation]’s efforts in trying to save Marcho... moreover, right now, Fel is under his command so if his crystal breaks, she will disappear alongside it.”

For the first time, [Time]’s subordinate monsters showed signs of being agitated. Before they knew it, the Celestial Wolf Fel became the [Chronos Knights]’ idol. While they were teaching her battle techniques as well as helping her level up, they became enamored with her cuteness and innocence.

<Does that mean that the enemies are also trying to kill my granddaughter, my cute Fel?? Very well then, I’ll just eradicate them all and not leave any trash behind. Grandpa’s gonna get serious.>

The Time Dragon Ragna was first among the list of monsters completely charmed by Fel. He would often assume the form of a dragon-newt and give her sweets.

That being said, Fel herself wasn’t as fond of him because he was calling her Fel, a special name reserved only for her father. Undeterred by this though, Ragna the *Grandpa* kept on giving her sweets.

“Since when did Fel become your grandchild?”

[Time] said so as he pressed his fingers against his temples.

“Trying to lay their hands on our princess... those bastards. We’ll burn them to ash.”

Expressing a similar thought was the flaming Qilin Teflare. He had come to love Fel completely like a little sister.

All of the other [Chronos Knights], the monsters feared by all Demon Lords, then followed suit. To each of them, Fel had become their beloved granddaughter, daughter, or little sister. In other words, she had become an important family member.

This was the first time even for the [Time] Demon Lord himself to see his [Chronos Knights] this passionate.

“You all... geez, before I knew you it, you’ve all turned into this. No, I guess I also have.”

While smiling wryly, he noted to himself not to let other Demon Lords know of this, lest their *cool* image of him be tarnished.



And so, the first group aiming for the [Creation] Demon Lord’s city finally arrived within the battle area.

Their numbers were presumed to be about three hundred.

They were composed of gigantic birds and wind-using monsters. In other words, it was a force primarily composed of fast-flying troops.

Conspicuously on top of an especially gigantic and gaudily colored bird was a Demon Lord. He was the [Bird] Demon Lord Andras. He was a male Demon Lord that had a rather plump body and, perhaps more noticeably, a bird’s head.

“[Time] Demon Lord Dantalian, it’s surprising that you’re willing to lend a hand to the [Creation] Demon Lord! But look, this is the combined forces of six great Demon Lords, a battalion of over three hundred! No matter how strong a Demon Lord’s monsters are, with this much—”

The [Bird] Demon Lord’s words were cut off there.

And then, his head separated from his body.

He should have been far enough that even his loud voice could only be barely heard and yet, there were [Time]’s monsters, already within their ranks.

It wasn’t as ordinary as [Time]’s monsters taking their enemies by surprise or moving

too fast; it was a mysterious phenomenon that was just like stopping the flow of time.

“I guess you don’t know. You’re only but a young Demon Lord of a hundred years after all. And around the time you were born was coincidentally the last time that someone dared to oppose me. So let me teach you the might of my army that rules over time.”

A Demon Lord was supposed to stay in the back. Disregarding that rather sound strategy however, [Time] Demon Lord Dantalian stood atop the same gigantic bird that the [Bird] Demon Lord was on and held up the latter’s head.

No sound could reach the [Bird] Demon Lord’s ears anymore; he was done for. Though to be exact, he was done for the moment he showed his faced to the [Time] Demon Lord’s forces.

The only ones to fall were the supposed-to-be attackers.

Not even a scream was heard.

The combined forces of six Demon Lords were trashed.

The gigantic Time Dragon would now and again appear and disappear without warning.

Some of the supposed-to-be attackers would run into invisible walls, some found as much as half of their bodies unmovable, and some would have their bodies simply torn apart. And then, there were some whose bodies would suddenly be on fire or be struck with lightning.

Without knowing how their enemies were attacking them or even from which direction, they began to draw friendly fire.

For as long as they couldn’t comprehend their enemies’ attacks, the 300 monsters were out of time.

This was what it meant to go against the one who ruled over [Time].

“Now, [Creation] Demon Lord Procell, I’ve done what you wished of me. If you fail to deliver on your part, I’ll kill you as promised.”

[Time] said so and smiled.

The one-sided trampling continued. A second and third group came but no matter how many groups, the [Time] Demon Lord took care of it without losing a single monster. If ever he needed proving that he was one of the three strongest Demon Lords, this was it.

“So, Astaroth’s going make his move, huh?”

Upon receiving a message from his subordinate, the [Time] Demon Lord remarked so and raised an eyebrow.

*For getting not only me but also that [Dragon] to act... no, it’s not surprising at all. If it’s that guy, he’s very much capable of this.*

He then looked up and stared at the sky.

*How long has it been, I wonder, since I last looked at the blue sky like this? If ever that guy delivers on his promise, I guess I’ll have to stop calling him a brat and recognize him as a man.*



# Chapter 14

## The [Dragon] Demon Lord's Ravaging Act

~From the [Dragon] Demon Lord's perspective~

The [Dragon] Demon Lord Astaroth was dashing through the sky atop a dragon.

He had entrusted his faction of Demon Lords with the task of attacking the dungeons of the ones that attacked the [Beast] Demon Lord. As for Astaroth himself, he was going to take care of the one behind it all.

Leading the charge were twenty selected dragons. All except one of the twenty were fully-trained and fully-leveled A rank monsters. A certain dragon was clad in darkness while another was clad in electricity. Each was different but all, without exception, was extremely powerful.

The Dragon medal was extraordinarily powerful even among A rank medals. The dragons born out of it crushed everything in their path. There wasn't a Demon Lord foolish enough to fight head-on against [Dragon].

The place that the [Dragon] Demon Lord was aiming for was the enemy's stronghold, the Holy Capital.

There was only one person [Dragon] could think of that was behind all of this: [Black] Demon Lord Balam.

Who was the next most powerful after the three current strongest Demon Lords? [Black] Demon Lord Balam's name would unquestioningly appear in the minds of most when asked such a question.

He was the only Demon Lord whose title was the name of a color. His Unique Skill allowed him to do various things so long as it was associated with the color black. It was an extremely versatile ability but as compensation, each of its effects were

exceedingly weak even though their consumption of magic power was terribly high.

His medal offered great versatility too since it had the ability to change during Synthesis into any random medal associated with [Black]. It was very much like gambling each time.

To lure humans, he used religion. Furthermore, by turning his dungeon into a holy site for his religion, he was able to efficiently gather the human beings' emotions.

There were other Demon Lords that tried to mimic him but he was the only one to succeed.

Controlling humans freely was hard. And even if the other Demon Lords could eventually do so, they were going to be crushed out of the race by the [Black] Demon Lord first. He was the kind of Demon Lord that didn't permit competition and wanted to monopolize it all.

Such was [Black] Demon Lord Balam.



[Dragon]'s forces had arrived at the Holy Capital. As soon as they reached the city, its citizens panicked while the soldiers and adventurers readied to intercept the invaders.

There hadn't been a single Demon Lord that dared to attack the Holy Capital.

After all, for the bishops from various countries, the [Black] Demon Lord was their god. So, attacking this city was tantamount to declaring to the whole of mankind that you were their enemy.

An ordinary Demon Lord would at first hesitate and then completely abandon the idea of attacking the Holy Capital. However, for the [Dragon] Demon Lord, the feelings in his chest were not of hesitation but rather confidence to the point of arrogance in his own abilities.

To him, mere humans, no matter how many of them stood together, would never be able threaten his dungeon. Rather, it would actually be a good *promotion* for his

dungeon. Heaps of humans would come to dungeon without the usual need to entice them.

As he thought of such, a ferocious smile floated on his aged face. Normally, it would seem that his was a face of calmness but in truth, it was one of unforgiving fury and cruelty. Anybody that knew him would warn that if ever there was one that shouldn't ever be angered, it was him.

“Now, let's enter the Holy Capital.”

To the dragons flying in the sky, such things as the walls made by the humans to hinder their attackers were nothing. But then, when they flew over the walls, the dragons collided with an invisible barrier.

This defensive barrier wasn't a product of a monster's special ability; it was made by the desperate efforts of the humans within the Holy Capital.

Humans shouldn't have been able to use a barrier strong enough that it could hinder even [Dragon]'s elites but if numerous priests were willingly sacrificing their lives, it was a different story.

They sacrificed their lives not because they were being threatened or manipulated, but purely because of their faith on their god.

Seeing such humans, [Dragon] Demon Lord Astaroth pitied them.

He knew that the [Black] Demon Lord didn't feel any compassion towards the humans. Worse, they were viewed as nothing but cattle.

[Dragon] knew the least he could was to make them suffer as little as possible.

“Go run wild, my kin.”

By his command, 19 of the twenty dragons activated [Berserk] and were clad in a black haze.

[Berserk].

It was the fiendish ability that the monsters made with the [Dragon] medal could have. In exchange for losing their intelligence and reason, it increased all of the monster's stats except for luck. If an A rank monster with a progressive level was made with [Berserk], it would allow the said monster to compete even against an S rank monster.

Originally though, save for some special monsters, this ability couldn't be conveniently turned on or off, making the monsters steeped in madness impossible to control.

However, 19 of the twenty elites of the [Dragon] Demon Lord, the [Raging Dragon Division], were able to suppress Berserk during normal times and when it was activated, they were able to remain in control for about fifteen minutes.

As for what made this possible...

"Caesar, how is it? It has been long since you and I have seen battle, hasn't it? Have you grown dull?"

<... >

The Emperor Dragon Tupon gave its master a quiet look.

Among all dragons, this silver one was the most sublime, beautiful, and powerful.

It was the third of [Dragon]'s Covenant monsters. It was also his only S rank.

With the exception of the [Creation] Demon Lord, S rank monsters weren't normally made. They were commonly obtained through rewards given by the Creator. The Dragon Emperor Tupon was such a monster.

It had an ability called [Dragon Emperor] which allowed it to rule over all dragon-kind.

Even if a dragon was under the influence of Berserk, it would still obey the skill bearer's commands. That wasn't all; the forces led by the Dragon Emperor Tupon also experienced the utmost increase in their power.

The Black Dragon of Death Siegwurm made by [Creation] Demon Lord Procell also possessed [Dragon Emperor] but it just couldn't compare to the other dragon.

After all, the [Dragon Emperor] Skill was a skill that could grow stronger by having the skill bearer devour the soul and power of other dragons. One could only become a king of dragons, in the truest sense, when this skill had bloomed.

The Dragon Emperor Tupon, who had fought in countless battles, had obviously fulfilled such condition over and over again, and had thus become a true monarch of dragons.

“Bow down to our rule. My [Raging Dragon Division] shall crush anyone that stands in our way.”

At the moment, the [Dragon] Demon Lord’s elite forces were all equivalent to S rank monsters... actually, they were stronger than even average S rank monsters.

Against such nightmarish creatures, the defensive barrier built on the sacrifice of human lives was shattered like glasswork.

The dragons entered the Holy Capital and rampaged as they wished. The humans defending the city tried to resist but it was all futile. Countless arrows and magic spells were flung against the dragons but most didn’t hit and even if they did, it did nothing.

Conversely, just one attack from a dragon took dozens of human lives.

Each member of the [Raging Dragon Division] was a nightmarish monster straight out of a child’s bedtime story. Each was a monster that would take hundreds of knights and dozens of heroes to barely defeat and yet now, there were twenty of such monsters. The humans had no chance of winning.

And so, the elite forces led by the Dragon Emperor Tupon arrived at their destination which on the outside seemed like a school. Entry to this place was restricted to a select few in order to keep what was within a secret. As for what it truly was, it was a cultivation facility with the purpose of artificially making heroes.

Before its entrance was a lone Demon Lord.

It was the [Black] Demon Lord Balam.

He was a beautiful, young man that wore black aristocratic clothes.

Whether it was to keep up appearances, he was accompanied only by humans and angel-type monsters.

The surrounding humans were kneeling and praying *dear founder, save us!*

“[Dragon] Demon Lord Astaroth, how dare you do as you wish in my garden!? Anything more and I will not forgive you. I will make you pay.”

“Hmm, not forgive me, huh? Tell me, how exactly are you going to make me pay?”

At the exact moment that question was raised, the dragons opened their jaws and performed their special attack: a breath.

Breath attacks of lightning, fire, water, darkness, light, wind, and all possible attribute, came flying at the same time.

The breath attacks that were beyond human understanding collided with the barrier setup beforehand by the angel monsters. This barrier however was torn through as though it was paper.

Like so, the cultivation facility that the [Black] Demon Lord tried to protect then vanished.

Due to the excessive strength of the breath attacks, not a trace of the facility was left.

“Now, it’s gone. What will you do now? Tell me, how exactly will you make me pay!!?”

[Dragon] Demon Lord Astaroth laughed loudly, distorting his wrinkled face.

His cruel side within was coming out to the surface.

The dragons behind him began to laugh as well.

In reaction to this, the [Black] Demon Lord’s face got cramped and full of anger.

“For you, a toy of the Creator, to do this to my dream. You, without thought, foolishly do things like this as though you’re a cog in a machine.”

The said words were full of contempt but the [Dragon] Demon Lord only continued to laugh.

After a while, the two Demon Lords locked eyes. As they did so, the dragons acted wildly and the humans and angels died soon after.

“...You really know nothing, don’t you? We Demon Lords exist purely for the benefit of the humans, forced to make them stronger. We are beings bound to that rule. Despite our godlike strengths, we are forced to be slaves to these humans!”

What the [Black] Demon Lord said was completely correct.

For a Demon Lord to feed on the emotions of the humans, they had to give some form of benefits to the latter. Even if their actions were to cause harm to the humans, it would still, in the end, serve as an ordeal to make the species grow stronger.

Like so, Demon Lords truly were beings bound to make humans and their civilizations prosper. They truly were Children of the Planet, cogs designed to lead this planet onto the next stage.

Even the [Black] Demon Lord, who viewed himself as using the humans through religion, was not exempt from this. Just by giving the humans the concept of religion, he had contributed to their growth.

As long as a Demon Lord was a Demon Lord, they were bound to this rule and fate.

“What of it? I have no qualms with that rule. Even with that, I am free to choose which path I may take.”

“I beg to differ. I’m sure even you know of Demon Lords abused to death by humans, right!? Or of Demon Lords who don’t want to use monsters to entice humans so they abstain from feeding on emotions but eventually just die. Or of Demon Lords who dreamed of coexisting with humans but are taken advantage of instead. I was acting for a great cause: to free all Demon Lords from such a rule. To that end, this facility was necessary!”

*For all Demon Lords*, the [Black] Demon Lord cried and he really meant those words. However, it did not affect the [Dragon] Demon Lord and it wasn’t for a lack of understanding.

The [Dragon] Demon Lord also had questions about their existence as Demon Lords. Perhaps he was even the one with the most correct understanding of the situation. That said, he wasn't completely sympathetic with the [Black] Demon Lord.

"You say such weird things. You dislike having your monsters be bait for the humans? Then you can just do something like what [Creation] is doing. And Demon Lords that are taken advantage of? Only fools fall victim like that. Besides, you and I both have taken advantage of countless humans ourselves. You know that the weak get eaten, whether they be human or Demon Lord. In the first place, would the other Demon Lords wish to be freed from such a rule?"

Even though he had questions about their fate, the [Dragon] Demon Lord didn't find it to be so bad to be stuck in such a fate. And for this reason, the two Demon Lords would never agree on the subject.

"[Dragon] Demon Lord Astaroth, you who have always followed the *correct* path will never understand."

The [Black] Demon Lord gave up on trying to persuade the [Dragon] Demon Lord. For him, the latter was an old man not only in appearance but in the mind as well and was thus too obstinate to ever change.

The reason [Black] came to this place was not because he thought he could stop [Dragon], no, it was to earn some time. And even though he still hadn't earned enough, it would have to do.

"Yeah, I don't understand. What I do understand though is the fact that you did as you pleased and started this whole fight. No matter how great your case may be is irrelevant; you will have to die."

As soon as [Dragon] finished that statement, his dragons once again did their breath attacks.

However, in that same moment, the [Black] Demon Lord vanished.

This was an effect of his ability. By activating it, he was able to hide himself in a



different dimension through a shadow.

“Don’t be too full of yourself. We haven’t lost yet. We’re going to kill the [Beast] Demon Lord and you will be next. Only you I will never forgive! I will make you pay!”

[Black]’s skill was versatile but not strong. It was within reason to believe he had not gone far.

And yet, the [Dragon] Demon Lord did not give chase.

Giving chase would be beyond his task. Everything else after this was in [Creation]’s realm of responsibility.

*Wouldn’t want to pamper him too much,* [Dragon] thought as he climbed onto a dragon and set forth to return to his dungeon.

He also thought of why the enemy aimed for [Beast].

*Was it truly to show off his power by defeating the current three strongest Demon Lords and thus usher in a new age, or rather his new age?*

After a while, the dragon by his side telepathically told the [Dragon] Demon Lord that the [Time] Demon Lord had arrived in [Creation]’s dungeon.

In reaction, a soft smile appeared on [Dragon]’s face.

“Hm, so Dan has moved, huh? That [Creation] sure is interesting. With him in the center of all this, Marcho, Dan, and I are taking part as well. I missed this. But then again, I don’t intend to be an old fart who reminisces on days gone. If that [Creation] lives through this, then I guess I wouldn’t mind have him as Stolas’s groom. I better arrange for her wedding dress.”

With that thought, all traces of his cruelty was gone from his face. His face was that of gentle old man now.

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Tl note: Changed [Darkness] to [Black]. In other words, this was the same Demon Lord mentioned in Volume 3 Chapter 17. The WN chapter still uses Darkness but the LN has changed this.

# Chapter 15

## The Celestial Wolf's way

~From [Creation] Demon Lord Procell's point of view~

"Everyone, we will be taking a break soon. Aura and the High Elves, set up a barrier. Mythological Foxes, patrol in turns, please."

We had just reached a place where it was likely we could take a break so I issued out the necessary commands. We still had a lot of ground to cover so it was better to take breaks whenever we could.

Half a day had passed since we entered Marcho's dungeon.

This whole while, our focus was on getting as deep into the dungeon as we could.

More than half of the Avalon-Ritters were destroyed after using [Burst Drive] and [Anti-magic Shell].

The Mithril Golems too had suffer casualties and only three of them were left.

Thanks to the golems acting as shields though, there haven't been any casualties to my monsters. That said, many were wounded.

Despite having many S rank monsters, my opponents this time were veteran Demon Lords and attacks from such opponents were truly severe.

Those that had quickly recovered from their injuries by consuming a potion were made to return to the frontlines immediately while those that would take some time to recover were made to retreat via the crow monster's Transfer.

"Master, the barrier's ready!"

“Thank you, Aura. You guys take a rest now.”

Aura and the High Elves had finished setting up a barrier in our surroundings. With that, we were gladly able to take a rest without worry.

Potions for magic power and fatigue had been distributed to my monsters in the hopes it would enable them to return to the frontlines again.

I then closed my eyes and analyzed the current situation.

At a certain point, the enemy assaults had clearly weakened. I had thought that perhaps it was due to Marcho’s monsters receiving the potions and then returning to action.

After all, with Marcho’s monsters being capable of battle once again, the enemies would have less resources to send to intercept us.

However, it was still too much of a change even with that explanation. My next guess then was that this situation was also an effect of [Dragon] Demon Lord Astaroth performing more than what I had expected.

Also...

“It seems [Time] Demon Lord Dantalian has successfully defended Avalon.”

I had entrusted my empty dungeon to [Time].

Half a day had passed and if he, for some reason, had broken our agreement, Avalon would have been destroyed already... along with my precious monsters.

As I was thinking of such things, the monster that the [Time] Demon Lord lent to me, the Celestial Wolf Felsias or Fel for short, slowly walked to where I was.

She was a young girl that looked exactly like Kuina except for her wolf ears and tail.

“[Creation] Demon Lord, why did you trust my father? After all, no sane Demon Lord would trust another to guard his empty dungeon.”

*What an interesting question. I wonder what kind of intention she has in asking such a question.*

“Why I trusted him?... well, when I personally met him, I got the feeling that he seriously loved Marcho. And because of that, I don’t think he’ll do something that’ll sabotage my efforts to help her.”

“You’re naïve, [Creation] Demon Lord. Protecting your dungeon from enemies and not doing anything untoward it are different. Have you never considered that my father might do something outrageous to your empty dungeon?”

I would be lying if I said I hadn’t thought of such.

For example, he could steal the apples borne by the [First Tree] raised by Aura. Or he could push his way in into Rorono’s workshop and then steal the weapons and blueprints stored there.

By doing any of that, he would have been able to snatch away the predominance that Avalon had.

However...

“He is not such a petty Demon Lord to do that. Besides, he has given me proof that I could trust him and that is plenty enough of a reason for me to entrust my back to him without worry.”

“A proof that you could trust him?”

“Yeah, you. He has entrusted me with you, his precious Fel. Anyone that sees you would know how much love he has for you. So there’s no way he could do anything strange while you are by my side.”

Fel was a monster made with Marcho’s [Beast] medal, Dantalian’s [Time], and my [Creation].

Because three A rank medals were used for her, she was stronger than even most S rank monsters.

What her being under my care meant was that, for the moment at least, [Time] and I

were allies working toward the same goal.

“Hmm, you’ve realized how my father felt. I commend you for that.”

She had turned her head away but upon the mention of how much her father loved her, perhaps due to great happiness, her wolf tail energetically swung back and forth.

It was so cute.

So much so that I unconsciously grabbed her tail. The smooth and soft fur on her tail offered a different kind of sensation from Kuina’s fluffy tail.

*It feels great.*

“Higyaa”

After her whole body—from the tip of ears to the tip of her tail—trembled, Fel jumped away. She then glared at me with obvious vigilance.

“W-what do you think you’re doing!? You can’t just grab a girl’s tail without warning, you pervert! As I thought, you really are a lolicon Demon Lord! I was a fool to think for a second that you were otherwise!”

Just like that, she vanished immediately.

I didn’t know what she was talking about; grabbing her tail made me a perverted lolicon?

*Is it just my imagination or are my subordinate monsters looking at me with cold eyes?*

Kuina the Celestial Fox then came into my view. She was humming unconcernedly while eating an apple. All of the golden apples were turned into potions so what she was eating was just a regular apple. Perhaps just something to snack on.

*This is perfect, I’ll try it.*

“Kuina, come here for a moment.”

“Yay ♪! Coming over right away.”

Kuina rushed over to my direction with a smile on her face.

Upon arrival, she gave me a tight hug.

When I patted her head, she squinted her eyes. As always, she was a pampered child.

I then firmly grasped Kuina’s fluffy tail.

The soft fur wrapped gently around my hand and when I grasped tighter, I felt the flesh of her tail as it gave a pleasing reaction. My hand felt the warmth of her tail.

*Ahh, it feels so good. So soft, oh, so soft.*

Caressing her tail gave me so much satisfaction.

“Kuina, do you dislike it when I hold your tail like this?”

I asked to confirm.

Kuina, with a blushing face and intoxicated eyes, leaned onto my body. Her breathing was rough.

“Oto-san, it feels good when you hold my tail like that. More, hold on to it more tightly.”

As she requested, I tightened my grip and it resulted to Kuina liking it more. It didn’t seem she could stand so I supported her for the time being.

“Oto-san, like that, it’s amazing, Kuina’s tail, feels so hot”

*Hmm, it seems that, as I thought, grabbing the tail itself wasn’t the issue. Maybe it’s because that for Celestial Wolves, grabbing the tail is considered a taboo?*

Just in case though, I decided to apologize later on and say that I didn’t mean to give offense.

But then, suddenly, I felt a stare fixed on me. I turned around and saw that Fel was hiding as she watched Kuina and me.

Her face was bright red and her eyes were wide open. Furthermore, she was holding her own tail while it was between her legs.

She was moving her mouth so I decided to use wind magic to hear her voice. I became able to use wind magic when Aura became my Covenant Monster.

“Hawawa, for parent and child to do such perverted things. But Kuina looks like she feels really good. I wonder, if Father... Uuu, my tail feels so itchy.”

*Yup, as I thought, I should properly apologize later.*

I was certainly a good-for-nothing.

Even so, Fel’s tail felt quite nice. If they would permit it, I would someday like to hold Fel’s tail with my right hand while I held Kuina’s tail with my left. *I’m sure, that will feel the best.*



A short while after, our break ended.

My forces assembled and then, after the barrier was cancelled, moved out.

Thanks to the break and the potions, my monsters were in tiptop form.

Like so, we pushed forward to meet with Marcho.

Nevertheless, we couldn’t afford to be careless.

Each of the three strongest Demon Lords—[Beast], [Time], and [Dragon]—could crush me easily no matter how ingenious I tried to be or how many traps I prepared. So for Marcho to be cornered like this—even though it was by multiple Demon Lords—carelessness was fatal.

I then glanced at two of the remaining Mithril Golems. The golems carried *the thing* as



it was covered by a white cloth.

*Yeah, we are definitely going to need to use that.*

As I thought of such, I wondered whether R'lyeh Diva and her troops were alright. It was about time she sent a scheduled report. Just then, I heard her voice from the water within the earrings I wore.

<Patron, here's my scheduled report. Right now, we're in the middle of a fight. It's getting a bit too dangerous. Half of my troops are in grave condition and can't fight. I'm covering for them for the moment but things aren't looking good. The enemies number more than a hundred. Plus, I see that about twenty of them are A rank monsters. We're probably gonna die.>

Despite her laughter, she properly conveyed the trouble she was in.

"I give you permission to retreat. Prioritize your and your subordinates' lives. We're just going to have to advance from hereon under the assumption that the enemies know of our every action."

Monsters that could control dimensions were able to peek into this world from another dimension. Moreover, depending on the circumstances, higher ranking monsters of such type could also launch sneak attacks from that other dimension.

Not having any control of the other dimension was truly undesirable, to say the least.

That being said, unlike my regular troops, I didn't have a trump card for R'lyeh Diva and her subordinates so I couldn't push them needlessly.

<As I thought, you're too soft, aren't you, patron?... we'll escape after we've done everything we can. After all, escaping together with the injured is impossible and leaving them for dead is not option. Haa, I'm not fond of the idea of sacrificing myself though. You owe me for this, patron.>

*It can't be, is this girl...*

“Don’t push yourself too hard. Come back at all cost.”

Either way, I commanded her to make sure she could come back.

<Yeah, fine, already. If you say things like that, I have to try hard at least, don’t I? Very well, I’ll do all I can. Ok, I’ll contact you again in five minutes for my scheduled report. It’s a shame you don’t get to see me perform though.>

Like that, our communication was cut off.

Aside from praying for her sake, there was nothing I could do. And so, I moved forward and did my part.

Besides, I believed that as long as it was R’lyeh Diva, she could overcome whatever trouble that came her way.

# Chapter 16

## R'lyeh Diva's Battle

~R'lyeh Diva's point of view~

In the other dimension, a fierce fight was also unfolding.

"Geez, the patron sure is working us too hard. Everyone, take turns in reloading. Be mindful of running out of bullets. If our barrage lets up... we die."

""Yes, captain""

While changing the magazine of her assault rifle, R'lyeh Diva confirmed the status of her subordinates.

She could tell that some were tired but could still somehow fight.

Including the newcomers that were purchased to have static levels before the war began, there were a total of 30 Ocean Singers under her command and not one had died yet.

However, their stock of potions and bullets were running low and that was a legitimate cause of concern.

Just by looking in front of her, she could tell that there were close to a hundred monsters here. Because these were the combined forces of six Demon Lords, the variety was high. There were many that were of the fish-type, lizard-type, and so on.

"What the heck, there's all kinds of them."

She complained so in a voice so low, her subordinates couldn't hear.

The enemies before her, that numbered more than a hundred, were increasing in

number still.

The other dimension was like the pitch-dark cosmos and was therefore completely open and devoid of any place to take cover or to hide in.

For someone that used a gun, such was a greatly advantageous situation.

And so, R'lyeh Diva and her subordinates continuously and one-sidedly barraged their enemies from long-range using their assault rifles. She knew though that once their enemies closed the distance, their demise was all but certain.

Their weapon of choice was the EDAR-04 Laevatein. It was an ED series assault rifle designed by Rorono the Elder Dwarf.

The other ED series weapons were top of the line, custom-made weapons for monsters like Kuina and Aura. Conversely put though, they were also weapons that were unusable to anyone but their intended users.

Meanwhile, the EDAR-04 was made with the concept of ultimate versatility in mind.

Since it was meant for mass production, instead of orichalcum, it designed to be made of Mithril. It was also designed to hold only two usable enchantments, namely [Acceleration] and [Rotation].

Because the [Acceleration] enchantment would activate only after the bullet had exited the barrel, it improved the power output without worsening the recoil of the weapon. Meanwhile, [Rotation] allowed the bullet to follow a straight and stable trajectory, resulting in a more accurate shot.

Moreover, a golem core was also installed to act as a power source and thus make the user be able to activate [Acceleration] and [Rotation] without expending their own magic power.

The EDAR-04 was a masterpiece that would exhibit satisfactory results no matter who used it.

R'lyeh Diva believed without a doubt that this was the best in the ED series. If asked, she would even say that Kuina's favorite Curtana and Aura's Durandal were disqualified as weapons and were nothing but toys.

In fact, thanks to the guns, her subordinates, the B rank Ocean Singers, were able to fight the enemy forces, even the A rank ones.

“Geez, if you have enough time to make those golems and other things, why can’t you make more of these??”

Unfortunately, however, there weren’t enough of the EDAR-04.

After the design phase for the weapon was completed, it was set to be mass produced. At the same time though, development for the Avalon-Ritters had also begun.

Because of that, only a total of 15 Laevateins were produced. Even though all were given to the intelligence corps led by R’lyeh Diva, it still wasn’t enough for everyone.

First off, the reason they were able to get all of the guns was because unlike the normal troops that had Kuina the Celestial Fox, Rorono the Elder Dwarf, Aura the Ancient Elf, Wight the Black Dragon of Death Siegwurm, Felsias the Celestial Wolf, and the many Avalon-Ritters, the intelligence corps didn’t have any high-ranking fighting force aside from R’lyeh Diva.

It was only natural then that the weapon of their choice were given to them.

Dimension-type monsters tended to have low fighting capabilities. Even though this was true for R’lyeh Diva and her subordinates, the good thing was that it also applied to their current enemies.

“Alright, that’s it, patron’s next [Creation] medal has to be for monster that can work here in the other dimension. Doing this all alone is just too much.”

Even while complaining, she did her work and looked after her subordinates.

R’lyeh Diva was an extremely capable monster. Nevertheless, there was only so much an individual could do.

Three of her subordinates were then hit by wide-range magic. They didn’t die but they were wounded enough to have lost their ability to wield their weapons. They were then instructed to fall back and drink some potions.

Up until this point, it had been a one-sided battle where the intelligence corps had been outranging their enemies with their guns. However, the enemies had hardened their defenses and pushed on enough that their magic attacks could reach R'lyeh Diva and her subordinates.

Due to the injured, the barrage became lighter. They started to fall back while still maintaining the barrage but the enemy's advance was quicker than their retreat. More and more, the enemy's magic attacks were landing ever closer.

*This is bad.*

R'lyeh Diva said so inwardly.

They had encounter many hardships but each time, they were able to do something and survive. This time though, things were looking too grim.

Moreover, when she looked carefully, she could tell that there were now even more A rank monsters in the enemy side. According to her simple investigation, there were about 20 A rank monsters.

Even if R'lyeh Diva was an S rank monster, there was nothing she could do against so many.

And then, another of her subordinate was injured.

*Should I escape? This is a losing battle.*

Try as they might, they could not win.

And if that was so, then instead of staying there and fighting, she thought it would be better to use her subordinates as shields and escape.

If the enemies were to take complete control of the other dimension, Procell's normal troops would be exposed to unopposed attacks from the other dimension and leakage of information couldn't be helped.

Losing R'lyeh Diva, an S rank monster, should be—in her opinion—the worst possible outcome of this fight for Procell and should therefore be avoided at all cost.

Ocean Singers could be bought again with DP and the guns could simply be remade but not her.

“But that just doesn’t make sense so I’ll just keep on fighting!”

She gritted her teeth and continued firing to make up for her injured subordinates.

While she fired her assault rifle wildly, she sang. The enemies had gotten close enough to use their magic but conversely, they had also gotten close enough to be affected by R’lyeh Diva’s song.

The otherworld songstress’s songs were songs that affected one’s heart.

The enemy monsters turned mad and began to rampage, unable to distinguish friend from foe.

Due to that chaos, the enemy frontline was pushed back. However, it came at a great cost.

R’lyeh Diva received numerous magic attacks and was left wounded all over.

Despite her tattered state, she nevertheless continued firing her gun so that her injured subordinates could gain some time to recover.

Her singing had left her throat sore, making singing anything more hurt.

*Geez, this isn’t like me at all. Yeah, geez, it’s because of what I heard from Wight.*

While enduring the pain to sing and while also pulling the trigger of her assault rifle, she remembered something from a little while ago.

She had once asked Wight to do something about [Creation] Demon Lord Procell’s softness and naivety. As she remembered, she then for the first time understood [Creation] Demon Lord Procell.

# Chapter 17

## A Perfect Demon Lord and A Naive Demon Lord

Amidst the staggering difference in fighting strength, R'lyeh Diva fought a solitary battle.

Even though she had already used up her magic power, hurt her throat from singing her magical songs, and bled too much to the point her consciousness was fading, she continued to fight.

By this point, even pulling the trigger of her assault rifle took effort.

As she was like that, she remembered something from a while ago. It was so vivid, it was like her life flashing before her.



When they were departing to head toward the [Beast] Demon Lord's dungeon, Procell said to his monsters that they would all come back alive.

He said it not just to bolster the morale of his monsters but because he truly believed it could be done.

R'lyeh Diva was a newcomer and had not been in a war against Demon Lords before. However, in the stories she heard, it seemed like Procell had been able to do something similar before.

For her, that attitude was fine and all but not for a Demon Lord.

To her, occasionally becoming heartless and sacrificing their subordinates was an important disposition for a Demon Lord to have.

On that point, Procell was just too naïve.

R'lyeh Diva complained such to Wight. *A Demon Lord should be more pragmatic, she said. Right when it matters most, he would end up exposing all of his monsters to danger for the sake of a few.*



After complaining so, she immediately regretted it.

After all, Wight was one of Procell's most devout followers. Moreover, he was essentially Avalon's number 2; if a monster wanted to have a comfortable life in Procell's dungeon, Wight's ire should be avoided as much as possible.

However, to her surprise, after hearing her idle complaints, Wight didn't get angry.

"Certainly, my lord is naïve. R'lyeh Diva, as you say, as a Demon Lord, he is not perfect. Our battles would have gone smoother if he approved to sacrifice some monsters. And it is because of my lord's naivety that we have fallen to certain predicaments."

"As to be expected of you Wight, you understand it well! So say something to the patron so that he'll become a more proper Demon Lord, alright? I'm just a newcomer so my standing is pretty weak but if it's you that talks to him, I'm sure the patron will listen!"

At that, Wight smiled.

"No, my lord is fine as he is. It is because he is naïve and imperfect that he is beyond perfection."

"I don't understand what you mean."

"What do you find charming in the perfect Demon Lord you speak of? I quite like my lord's naivety. It is because of that naivety that I can look up to him as my master from the bottom of my heart. It is because of that that I can go beyond my limits."

"That's just some dull idealism, isn't it?"

"Is it though? Back when I was just a B rank monster, I was able to hold back a top-tier A rank monster. Kuina-sama, when she was still low in levels and was still inexperienced, had defeated a raging wind dragon that was beyond strong. The weapons and golems made by Rorono-sama have only reached such excellence because of her strong affection for my lord. Even Aura-sama's [First Tree] was born due to her affection for my lord and the girls."

Such wasn't an excuse, it was the absolute truth for Wight.

“You still aren’t well acquainted with my lord so you might not understand but we love him and it is because we do that we can perform beyond our limits. If he was the kind of perfect Demon Lord as you say, monster will dispassionately do as he says, only when he says it. However, it is precisely because my lord is the kind of Demon Lord that loves his monsters that we always think and do, by our own will, whatever we could for him.”

R’lyeh Diva then remembered that all of Procell’s other monsters loved him and that they kept on doing things for him.

“And so, I have this to say: his naivety might not make him perfect, but it makes us do more than we could. No matter what happens, we would not want to make him change. He might not be perfect, but for me, he is the best Demon Lord.”

Wight then showed a serene smiling face.

Upon seeing that smile, R’lyeh Diva thought it was nice to smile like that. Her envy at wanting to feel the same then made her heart tighten a little.



Nevertheless, R’lyeh Diva didn’t fully understand what Wight said back then. Or even now, for that matter.

She considered herself a realist.

Nevertheless...

“Yeah, I don’t want to abandon anyone, after all.”

If she used her subordinates as shield and escaped, she would be the only one to survive.

*Screw that. Yeah, I guess I’m naïve too.*

She was about to do exactly what the naïve Procell would do. But then, in order for all of them to survive, they had to do some disadvantageous, risky, and, ironically, suicidal

things.

*I'm fine with that, she thought, at least, in this moment, I'll die with no regret.*

It was then time for her scheduled report.

“Patron, here’s my scheduled report. Right now, we’re in the middle of a fight. It’s getting a bit too dangerous. Half of my troops are in grave condition and can’t fight. I’m covering for them for the moment but things aren’t looking good. The enemies number more than a hundred. Plus, I see that about twenty of them are A rank monsters. We’re probably gonna die.”

In response to her report, Procell told her to prioritize their lives and escape despite knowing the disadvantageous situation his normal troops would be put in.

*As I thought, he’s naïve. But will it really be so bad if I embraced his brand of naivety? Oh. So that’s what Wight meant that day.*

As Wight had said, Procell’s naivety had made her draw out more power than a perfect Demon Lord could. If it was just a pragmatic Demon Lord, she would do as what was ordered which would be, in this scenario, to abandon everything—and everyone—and escape.

*I can’t do that. I don’t want to do that.*

To put it simply, she too was pleased with Procell.

She liked the city he made. She also liked the subordinates she had as well as all the other monsters serving under Procell.

And for that reason...

“I... Even if I stop being me, I still want to protect everyone”

She had decided to use the skill she had forbade herself from using. The skill that she kept hidden despite all the troubles she had encountered thus far.

She was then directly hit by a high-ranking enemy fire magic attack. She was blown away by the attack and as she clumsily tumbled she began concentrating.

***Shrine Maiden of a Malevolent God:*** Provides a passive boost (Large) to magic power and magic power recovery. Also provides bonuses (Small) to all other stats. By wishing for even more power, it is possible to receive the malevolent god's blessing<sup>curse</sup>. Upon activation, all stats are doubled. However, activation also pollutes the mind and beyond a certain amount of pollution to the mind, the user is transformed into a different monster.

Power welled up within her.

A foreign, darker-than-black power, then entered her soul. Upon the entry of the malevolent god's power, she felt herself being corrupted. In exchange for that, she felt strength beyond reason pulsate within her body.

The most that skills could increase an individual's one or more stats was by a rank. Such was true even for powerful skills like Wight's risky [Berserk].

However, the skill Shrine Maiden of the Malevolent God went as far as doubling the user's stats.

Given that she was an S rank to begin with, for her stats to become doubled, there probably wouldn't be anyone that could oppose her once the skill was activated.



That being said, it was impossible for such power to not come at a price.

If she continually used this skill and the pollution to her mind had reached a certain amount, she would turn into a different monster. Into a sinister and abominable monster.

At that time, her current self would cease to exist. And that frightened her.

To make matters worse, the pollution to her mind would not vanish over time. It was there for life. That meant that the more she used the skill, the more the chances of herself vanishing.

Nevertheless, she chose to use it in this occasion.

She wanted to protect her subordinates and at the same time not be a hindrance to everyone fighting on the normal plane.... also, she wanted to become that person's strength.

For those reasons, she decided to cover herself in impurity and sing.

To her allies, it would be a song of blessing.

To her enemies, it would be a song of ruin.

She then came near a subordinate that was recovering from its wounds.

"Give me that."

"Captain, those wounds, that form... that voice"

"It's alright. I'm still myself."

She smiled to that subordinate and took away the assault rifle it could no longer wield.

Black lines then traveled to the assault rifles on each hand and it thumped as though the lines were blood vessels. The foreign power within her passed through those lines and an ominous silhouette was made.

The guns, that were supposed to be inorganic things, took on an unsightly organic form.

*I'm pretty sure Rorono will faint if she sees her guns like this. But if these guns look like this, I don't wanna know how I look like right now.*

“Now, while I’m still myself, here I go.”

R’lyeh Diva rushed forward to the center of the enemy formation with unprecedented speed.

Unable to expect covering fire anymore, she thrust straight into the rain of magic attacks.

Something black wrapped around her whole body and it negated the spells fired off by the enemy monsters. Her new overwhelming defense made breath attacks and arrows just bounce off of her as well.

Her throat, that was damaged so bad that it would make her spit out blood just a while ago, was now in good condition. It seemed to her that she could now perform the greatest songs.

As she advanced to the center of the enemy formation, all of the monsters that tried to hinder her were blown away. With her current stats, it was more than possible.

Once in position, she began her singing. In the position she was currently at, her songs would not reach beloved subordinates.

All of the monsters that heard her song, without exception, turned mad and rampaged. It was incomparable to the song she sang before.

Even the minds of those that had resistances against it were snatched away in an instant.

The enemies gave themselves to the music and attacked indiscriminately just for the joy it brought them.

They weren’t even enemies anymore, just audiences dancing to her songs.

It depended on the monster but some of the enemies completely lost their selves and transformed into another monster.

Seeing that, her potential fate, R’lyeh Diva gave a little smile.

Among the enemies, there were some monsters that didn't have the ability to hear to begin with. And for those monsters, the effect of the magical songs could be suppressed.

However...

"Children that chose to doze off during my concert, you can just go die."

She fired off the transformed assault rifles at the enemy monsters.

The assault rifles, even under normal circumstances, had powerful bullets. But upon transforming, its power had elevated to new heights.

What came out of the muzzle was black light. The fired off bullets had been wrapped with the black thing of the foreign power.

The moment the bullets made impact, the enemy monsters took on a grotesque, balloon-like form and started attacking their allies.

Her songs and the sound of her gunfire resounded all over the battlefield.

So much so that, much like the enemy monsters could only be called audiences to her performance, the battlefield could now only be described as her stage.

The songstress sang and her audience answered with frenzied screams.

Instead of the dance of neon lights, she had a rain of blood.

It was a concert filled with madness, destruction, and lovely fresh blood.

Amidst the never-ending pleasure and the never-ending frenzy, everybody forgot about the flow of time. However, as all things, it too had to come to an end.

The songs, the screams, the sounds of gunfire, they all vanished.

And the only one to remain standing was R'lyeh Diva.



The black thing vanished from her body but not entirely. A crest that repeated itself multiple times had been engraved onto the left part of her body.

Somehow, she felt that once her whole body was covered by the crest, she would be gone.

“Geez, I’ve only used it once and it’s already like this. I’m doubtful about the next use but if that doesn’t do it, I’m sure the third will.”

She said so as she wrapped her arms around her body.

Upon her realization by intuition, she decided to not use that skill again.

And then, guests appeared on the stage that became composed of only one.

It was her subordinates.

They looked worried but then immediately relieved to confirm that she was still herself. They then embraced her and wept. They also gave her potions and asked her to drink it right away.

“Everyone, were you scared? Well, I guess you will be after seeing that.”

Even from a monster’s perspective, her fight just a while ago should be more than extraordinary.

Moreover, there was the issue of the strange black crest engraved on her body.

In consideration of those things, she readied herself to the possibility of her subordinates disliking her and distancing themselves from her.

“No, we’re not scared. After all, it’s for our sake that you risked your life and fought like that. More than that, are you alright? We’re sorry for making you go to such extreme for us. We’re still incompetent but we’ll support to the best of our abilities.”

At that, she smiled from the bottom of her heart.

“Thank you, everyone. Because of all of you, it was worth it. Now, just a little bit more. Let’s do our best. After this war has ended, we’re gonna party! We’ll sponge off of the patron as much as we can for working us to death.”

“””YES!”””

*But no matter how I look at it, the patron sure is asking too much out of us. Once we return, I’m definitely gonna demand for some extra incentives and for everyone to get some break.... but if the patron wants to join in, I guess I’ll let him. If he tells me he has to hear it at cost, I also don’t mind singing my songs for him.*

While thinking of such, the songstress smiled and moved forward.

*Now, let’s go. There’s still work to be done. It shouldn’t be long before we meet up with the [Beast] Demon Lord’s monsters that are fighting in this dimension.*

# Chapter 18

## The World's Strongest Sisters

~Procell's point of view~

I had received a report from R'lyeh Diva.

It seemed like that they had somehow won the fight in the other dimension. I was also relieved to hear that they had not suffered any casualties.

It also seemed like that after taking a short rest so that the potion they drank could take effect and have their injured allies recover, they were going to keep moving forward.

For them to win against the allied forces of several old Demon Lords with such a small number of people, it was a windfall.

However, things didn't go off without a hitch. According to her story, she had used [Shrine Maiden of the Malevolent God], the skill she had sealed.

It was an ability that doubled her stats by having her receive the malevolent god's blessing<sup>curse</sup>.

But the price for such power was great.

Each time she used it, the more the malevolent god's power took hold of her it turns her into another monster.

According to her, the next use was probably still be safe but on the third use, she was definitely going to lose herself. In response, I told her to never use it again.

"...I have to apologize later for sending her into a battlefield that she had no choice but to use that. And, after she returns, I'm gonna have Aura take a look at her to know if some kind of treatment can be done."

I decided that it was imperative to strengthen the forces fighting in the other dimension to improve their chances of winning without any trump cards besides R'lyeh Diva.

Also, I thought it was possible for Aura to treat the corruption that had stayed with R'lyeh Diva. After all, she was able to treat even Kohaku the Byakko after the latter was affected with the Black Dragon of Death's miasma. *There is hope.*

"Oto-san, are you properly watching Kuina's fight?"

"AH, hey! Kuina, don't look away!"

"Fel-chan, when you become an *adult* like Kuina, everything will be fine even while you're looking away for a moment."

Right now, my regular forces, the ones in this dimension, was in the middle of a battle.

Up until this point, we had avoided risks and injuries by using the golems as shields and firing from behind them.

However, save for the ones transporting our *trump card*, all golems were now out of commission.

For that reason, Kuina the Celestial Fox and Fel the Celestial Wolf, who both had excellent capabilities to break through the enemy lines, were delegated to be our front-most vanguard.

When Kuina was finally able to rampage to her heart's content, she was ecstatic.

Each time she pulled the trigger of her shotgun, a number of enemy monsters were blown to pieces.

Speaking of, her shotgun had gotten larger by one size. It was a new model made from the orichalcum alloy developed by Rorono. Its performance had greatly improved compared to when it was made of mithril.

It was named the EDS-05 Curtana-Avalon

Aura's new anti-materiel rifle was equipped with twin golem cores but doing the same for Kuina's shotgun would make it too heavy for optimal use in close range combat.

Because of that, it was instead outfitted to have Kuina's tail fur to be used as a lightweight battery. The gun was also designed so that a whole lot more magic power could be put in into an attack, thus increasing the damage it could deal.

Additionally, its large caliber shells that made use of mithril powder had undergone technological innovations and as such, its performance had been also increased.

If the offense was increased though, then naturally, the recoil would also be increased. However, thanks to the excellence of the material used, the orichalcum alloy, and the new mechanism for absorbing the recoil, the shotgun's muzzle could handle it.

Furthermore, it had the [Explosion] enchantment which the previous model also had. In the moment the shots within the shell was going to scatter, [Explosion] would activate and thus result in in an increase in attack power without worsening the recoil.

In addition, due to the growth Rorono had experienced, she became able to add another enchantment to the shotgun.

The new one was called [Softening].

Normally, whether a bullet had been deflected or it was able to pierce through, upon impact on its target, its kinetic energy would be dispersed. Such wasn't the case for [Softening] though. The shots within a shell would be able to transfer all of their kinetic energy to their target without shattering or being deflected.

As a result, its destructiveness went up at least twice. Moreover, like [Explosion], it did so without worsening the recoil.

With the EDS-05 Curtana-Avalon, each simple attack was deathblow that could take down even A rank monsters.

"Master, the present Kuina is amazing. The amount of magic power and her movements; everything is on a whole other level compared to before."

Rorono, who was beside me, uttered so.

She had already put on her trump card: the [Mechanical Warmaiden].

It was an equipment that was made thanks to her [Materialization] which awakened when she became one of my Monsters of the Covenant.

As for what [Materialization] was: by expending half of her total magic power, she was able to create a material that contained any one of the magic spell she could use.

It was an ability she got through the influence of my [Creation].

To eliminate its weakness of each material containing being only capable of containing a single spell, Rorono had assembled together scores of parts to form the strongest and most versatile equipment she could think of: the [Mechanical Warmaiden].

Equipped with the [Mechanical Warmaiden], she could display excellent fighting prowess despite the fact that her status wasn't particularly geared toward battle. As she was, she could match up to even against Kuina or Aura.

The [Mechanical Warmaiden]'s primary weapon, an ultra-large caliber coilgun, was then fired.

Its ultra-fast bullet pierced through every enemy in its path and made them vanish.

Its power was so absurd, rather than calling it a soldier's weapon, it was more fitting to call it a tank's gun.

Rorono wouldn't use her trump card unless things were getting dire so her using it now only proved how deep in trouble we were.

After all, just by looking, I was able to tell that the enemy forces were composed of more than 200 units, with a lot of them being A rank monster. Worse yet, many of those were A rank monsters with progressive levels.

It was a situation where we absolutely could not afford to be negligent.

Presently, Rorono was standing by here and guarding me while providing support via bombardment.

We were currently dominating the battlefield so apparently she could afford to give priority to protecting me.

“Yeah, she sure is.... I’m not so confident I can win against the present Kuina-chan.”

Aura the Ancient Elf said so as she tirelessly fired her anti-materiel rifle from the sky. The latest revision of her rifle was dubbed the Durandal-Avalon. Because it was equipped twin golem cores, it was able to spit out high-powered bullets that didn’t consume the user’s magic power.

An anti-materiel rifle, to begin with, was powerful enough to pierce through armored vehicles but this model surpassed that power many times over. Combining it then with Aura’s stats and her [Shooter of Magical Projectiles]—the skill that gave the strongest bonus for long range attacks—any A rank monster would be taken out by just a blow, if not slaughtered outright.

Moreover, with her [Jade Eyes]—the best magical eye—and her ability to freely control the wind, missing was impossible.

One would absolutely not want Aura to be their enemy. There was nothing more terrifying as an opponent in the battlefield than a sniper that had extreme firepower.

And yet, she herself had commented that even she wasn’t confident she could win against Kuina.

“Oto-san, this is amazing. Ever since Kuina became an adult, Kuina became even stronger”

With dance-like movements, Kuina easily rampaged in the center of the enemy formation.

She narrowly avoided every attack coming her way by a few millimeters and relentlessly fired attacks of her own.

By nature, as a Celestial Fox, she had the skill [Precognition] which allowed her to glimpse a few moments into the future. To make full advantage of that skill, she used it in conjunction with [Ultra-rapid Reaction] which made her reflexes the fastest it could be. Furthermore, for those hard-to-avoid magic attacks, she had [All Magic Nullification].

All together, she definitely had overwhelming fighting prowess.

Nevertheless, she also had clear weaknesses. After all, there was a limit to how much she could see into the future. Plus, no matter how much she saw ahead or how fast she reacted to it, there were just some attacks that couldn't be avoided.

Moreover, using [Precognition] was awfully taxing on her powers of concentration and could therefore only be used for a few minutes.

However, that was before. Presently, even though the battle had been going on for an hour already, [Precognition] was still in use.

The secret to that and the way Kuina was fighting currently—which was unimaginable for her former self—was her finally reaching level 70, the standard level for any S rank monster born with a static level.

Upon reaching that level, Kuina had grown up. If before she looked like a young girl of age 12-13, currently, she looked like a beautiful maiden of age 16-17.

It wasn't just her appearance that changed. All her capabilities had drastically improved and she had gained new special abilities as well.

That power was just like when she used [Transform] to defeat [Wind] Demon Lord Stolas's trump card, the A rank Emerald Dragon that was under the effect of [Berserk].

Originally, Celestial Foxes were late-blooming monsters so this change wasn't really a power up; it was more fitting to say she was only wielding the power that was supposedly hers from the start.

As she was, no simple A rank monster could ever hope to compete.

She was now truly an S rank monster.

"Rorono, it isn't just Kuina that's amazing, Fel who is with her is as well."

"Mhm, Kuina has [All Magic Nullification] but even without that, that girl is guarding Kuina's back amidst the melee."

Kuina and Fel were both leading the charge in this battle. If Fel wasn't here, Kuina



probably wouldn't had been able to rampage as much as she had. It was because Fel guarded Kuina's back that Kuina could fight as freely as she wanted.

But then, a rain of magic attacks was poured toward the two. Kuina, who was safe thanks to her ability to nullify magic attacks, aside, Fel reacted to such by raising her hand. Upon doing so, the rain of magic spells encountered an invisible wall.

Even Aura and Rorono couldn't make a barrier that could defend against the carpet bombing that was done by even A rank monsters.

The secret behind it was Fel's ability to manipulate time. With it, she stopped the flow of time within the space that was a few millimeters around her, thus becoming the barrier.

Because she had stopped time only within such a small area, its magic power consumption was at minimum. And hence, it was a barrier ridiculous both in its strength and efficiency.

"Ha, enough. You're all annoying! Don't come near me!"

Fel shouted so and then swung the sword in her hand.

Inconspicuously, the sword had no blade. However, the moment she swung the sword—and only then—a blade of light that was several meters long was formed.

Its ability to mow down enemies was spectacular. An attack that was supposed to be for close range was turned into a far-reaching one.

"Rorono, that, can it not really be used by the Avalon-Ritters, after all? It seems awfully useful."

The sword without a blade was originally a weapon made for the Avalon-Ritters. However, with none of them being capable of using it, the development for it was put on hold and eventually canceled.

"It's impossible. The formation of the blade is a function of the weapon itself but for

the blade to have the desired shape, have the desired output, it would depend completely on the user's control of magic. It is a task that is immensely difficult and time-consuming. Moreover, while the blade is given form, it has a fault wherein it continuously drains the user's magic power. To counter that, the blade should be formed only when it is about to cut something. But doing it so instantly and so perfectly is not something the Avalon-Ritters can do. It's precisely because it's her that it is being done effortlessly. She's got amazing senses, to the point I'm somewhat jealous, actually."

Fel didn't fall behind Kuina in battle.

Even though she was a monster made using three high-level A rank medals, her martial arts and precision in magic was still far too great.

I had conjectured that perhaps it was more because of the [Time] Demon Lord's rigorous training.

After all, for all the feats she had shown, talent alone wasn't enough of an explanation.

Her use of her time manipulation abilities wasn't limited to just defense. Occasionally, I could notice that she was moving in such speed that she was faster than even Kuina who had [Godspeed]. It was perhaps her using her ability to accelerate her own time.

She was quite literally living on a different time.

Kuina the Celestial Fox and Fel the Celestial Wolf, the world's strongest sisters, were dominating the battle.

But that didn't mean that we could rest easy.

Our magic power and ammunition was limited. Our stock of potions too was beginning to run out.

Still... we had to press on.

"Oto-san, the enemies are running away"

"Hmp, if you're going to run away anyway, don't even try to fight from the very start"

The two shouted so as they gave pursuit.

The enemy had resisted heavily thus far but upon becoming numerically inferior, they understandably withdrew.

The current place we were in was the penultimate floor in Marcho's dungeon.

That meant that the enemies' stronghold was not far now.

Given all that, it was then feasible that the reason the enemy monsters here weren't fighting until the end was because they intended to link up with their main force.

From their viewpoint, from here on out, it was probably a do or die situation since it was pretty clear that they were going to be trapped on both ends by my and Marcho's forces. Presumably, they were going to go all out, sending even Covenant monsters.

In the case of a pincer attack, a logical solution was to attack with one's all the weaker of the two enemy forces. In this scenario, ours was undoubtedly the weaker end.

"Everyone, this will be our last break. Feel free to use up all the remaining potions. I want you all in perfect condition."

I then issued a battlecry.

As things were, it was truly possible to help Marcho without losing anyone.

And, upon R'lyeh Diva's confirmation on where the enemy stronghold was, we could finally unleash that *trump card*.

We had managed to continuously win so far but an assault on the enemy's full force was on a whole other level.

Should we dare to confront them head on, there was no question that my forces, even Kuina and Fel, were going to be flattened.

<Patron, we have succeeded in meeting up with the [Beast] Demon Lord's monsters. We were also able to confirm the reason why a great number of enemy monsters attacked us and it was to avoid being flanked on both ends. To do that, they left just enough forces to fend off the [Beast] Demon Lord troops and tried to kill us, thinking

that we will be easy. They looked down on us far too much. But thanks to that, we've managed to annihilate them after going after some stragglers.>

It was great news.

From this point on, due to us now having full control of the other dimension, we would be able to guarantee at all the times the acquisition of intelligence. Moreover, we could now communicate with Marcho's monsters.

"Well done, R'lyeh Diva. I'd like you to do two more things. First is to know where the enemy's main force is. Next is to ask Marcho's monsters to deliver a message to her..."

Like so, there was no need to fight directly anymore. The *trump card* will surely be of great use now.

*My plan might not be honorable but I will go with it nonetheless. I didn't come here for honor after all, I came here to save Marcho.*

# Chapter 19

## The Awakened Procell

Finally, the next floor was going to be the last floor of Marcho's dungeon.

I thought this might be our last breather so I made my monsters make a barrier and then do all the necessary preparations like drinking the potions distributed to them, doing maintenance on their guns, making sure they had enough bullets, and so on.

Once the break was over, we were finally ready to go to the last dungeon floor.

*We've come a long way.*

We hadn't lost anyone but there were some whose injuries couldn't be healed in such a short span of time using the potions so they were made to Transfer to the backlines. Moreover, our supplies of bullets and potions were stretched to the limit and our remaining stock of napalm bombs were used up along the way.

It was unavoidable for the ones that remained to suffer mental fatigue.

In this regard, among others, Marcho was truly amazing. Her forces had been continuously fighting like so for nearly a week, a feat I thought we couldn't match.

We specialized in breaking through the enemy lines but our overall, comprehensive strength was still no match against any veteran Demon Lord.

Nevertheless, our goal was near.

As long as we could join up with Marcho, all else will follow. Like for example, once my monsters had gotten enough rest, they could team up with Marcho's forces and annihilate the enemies.

<Patron, here's my report on the details of the last floor. The first dungeon room is where the enemy encampment is. The second room is the current main battlefield between the enemies and the [Beast] Demon Lord's forces. Meanwhile, the last room

is where the [Beast] Demon Lord's forces' stronghold is. Enemies of the size of a platoon might be able to slip into the last room but for the vast majority, it seems like the enemies are confined only up to the second dungeon room.... also, I have a message from the [Beast] Demon Lord. She says that she has made all of her monsters in the first room evacuate so we can now do whatever we want.>

A Demon Lord's dungeon was composed of floors and each of these dungeon floors were in turn composed of up to three dungeon rooms.

For example, the first floor of my Avalon was composed of the city itself, a Plain room and a Mine room.

Knowing which room the enemy encampment was in was highly important in my plans so I made R'lyeh Diva search for it. While at it, I also had her, who was with Marcho's forces, relay my intentions to Marcho.

"R'lyeh Diva, you can make contact with Marcho again, right? There's something more I'd like you to say to her: ask her to tamper with the first room. Ask her to make it as small as possible and to remove all walls within. Emphasize the need to change the settings for the ceiling."

<Leave it to me, Patron. I'll relay it to one of her [Monsters of the Covenant]. I'll contact you again once the preparations are done.>

Confronting head on the enemy monsters that were on the first floor was out of the question; we would get squashed without a doubt. Especially after hearing R'lyeh Diva's report on them. We were outmatched not only in quantity but also in quality. The ones sent to intercept us was but a small fraction of the ones on the next floor.

Perhaps the only reason that the enemy hadn't intensified their assaults against us was that they were wary of Marcho.

Regardless, from this point on, tackling the enemy encampment was inevitable.

For that reason, I brought my trump card here.

Thanks to R'lyeh Diva and the information she had provided, I was able to make a sound decision. Truly, I was very grateful to her.

“I hope Marcho can apply the changes to her dungeon...”

Demon Lords were able to change the configurations of their dungeons but there were certain limitations such as not being able to tamper with anything that was occupied by a person or monster that wasn't under that Demon Lord's command.

So speaking of what she could do, it was limited to just taking out walls and removing the space that wasn't occupied by any enemy monsters.

Considering the enemy's formation probably wasn't so spread out, she should be able to narrow down the first room quite a bit and also have everything that could be used as cover removed.

After all, my trump card grew more effective the narrower and more airtight the space was.

Encountering them might be inevitable but fighting head on was still preposterous. So, as a solution, I intended to turn everyone in that airtight room into ash. If it was with the trump card I had preserved all this time, it was possible.

To my knowledge, it was the strongest weapon of mass destruction among the *conventional weapons* made by mankind.

Its name was the MOAB. Or more formally, it was a Massive Ordnance Air Blast.

Its appearance was that of a gigantic missile.

It was the strongest conventional weapon developed by the US Air force. It weighed 9752 Kg, had an overall length of 9.14m, and a diameter of 1.03m.

Obviously, there was no way such an enormous thing was made in one go using my [Creation] which consumed MP proportional to the weight of the created object. Instead, I made it part by part and had it assembled by Rorono.

I started making it back when I still lived in Marcho's dungeon.

But both my time and magic power back then were scarce so the construction was simplified and the bomb's capacity was decreased, making it nothing more than a

miniature of the real thing.

A long time had passed since then though and at present, the one I brought was at its top performance. Actually, it was better due to the improvements done by Rorono and the enchantments it was given.

It was the perfect fusion of science and magic.

Its downside was that it was the most expensive single-use weapon in this scarce world.

To prepare one, it would take more than a month's time. That meant one was impossible to produce at a moment's notice.

And yet, it was still worth it. Its power was so great that back when the humans first made it, it was often mistaken as a nuclear weapon.

Dropping one of those could produce an explosion so great, a mushroom cloud would form.

Aside from magic and Rorono's skills, another thing that the humans from the previous world didn't have was the addition of the user's stats to the potential damage.

*I wonder how much I can add with that power.*

There was no doubt that with all the time, skill, and magic power poured into it, it was the strongest.

But even so... I felt anxious.

The ones I were challenging were veteran Demon Lords after all.

*Is it possible to win without using that? Without not taking any risk? But then, if I was willing to take risks, I can draw out even more power.*

"I have to man up here. There was never a way for my weak self to win in a perfectly safe way against such powerful enemies."

I resolved myself like so. To be specific, I resolved myself to use the power I'd rather never use if possible.



And so, power welled up within me.

My monsters had done so much for this campaign. R'lyeh Diva even used the power she similarly forbade herself from using.

*If they were willing to go that far, how can I be so hesitant?*

“.....[Awakening]”

Those words spontaneously came to my mind.

Upon uttering it, wings grew on my back. Jet black ominous wings.

That wasn't all: my eyes turned red and on my pupils were some kind of magic array.

I had first acquired this power during my war against the human city.

And just like back then, I felt strength well up within me but at the same time, I felt a darkness that clouded my mind. It felt like the cruel part of me was taking over.

I wanted to rule over everyone and everything.

“Wh-what is that? What's with your form?”

Fel, who was taking a short break, looked at me, got surprised, and went near.

“Nothing. I do this get a bit more power.”

“You look like someone up to no good. Return to your original form right away! Like, you look so creepy!”

*So noisy and just when things were feeling good. From now on, I intend to feed on a lot of despair but it seems like that's going to be hindered. Now that I think about it, this girl has been acting quite impertinent, hasn't she?*

“W-what? Even if you make that face, I'm not scared of you, okay?!”

I then silently got in front of her and roughly grabbed her tail.

“Hii! Again, with my tail.”

*As I thought, grabbing her tail turns her on.*

*Despite looking young, she's capable of feeling like this.*

*It might be because I took on this form but for some reason, I can tell how pleased she is by touching her tail. Oh I get it, maybe this is because of [Evil] whom I killed some time ago. So, I guess I can use his power when I assume this form.*

When I put pressure on the sensitive areas of her tail, her face became ecstatic and she leaned closer to me. And when I put my hand on her chin and stole a kiss, she didn't have the strength to resist.

I then further teased her tail and her whole body trembled in reaction.

Unable to keep standing up, she dropped down to the ground.

“What a proper mess you are. Do you understand your place now?”

“Awful, so awful. Uuu, y-you!”

“You? Don't you mean *master*?”

I grabbed her, murmured such close to her ear, and then lightly bit that ear.

In the eyes she looked at me with, there were no more signs of rebellion, only of submission.

“Haa, haa... Uuu... You, you, that's enough... No, not again!”

I proceeded to tease her further but then decided to stop at the most tantalizing part: the part where her will was just about to give in to the pleasure. I then kissed her again and poured my Demon Lord power into her, causing her spine to tingle.

“If you say one more impertinent thing, I won’t pet you anymore.”

“Master, Fel, Fel has misbehaved.”



She said so while looking at me with puppy dog eyes. She seemed to have turned compliant but proper reflection was necessary.

“You’re currently under my custody. If you show me through your attitude that you have reflected, I will continue petting you.”

“Tha-that’s awful.... Please pet Fel.”

*This girl isn’t my daughter so even if I show my affection like I would to any other girl, there’s no problem.*

I then shook off Fel who was clinging on to me and she dropped down to the ground.

*Now that that’s out of the way, it’s time to actually do my job.*

I grabbed the ten-ton weapon of mass destruction from the Mithril Golems and carried it with one hand.

Next, I made my magic power act like a force field to protect myself since I intended to go to the next dungeon room alone while the others were still resting.

<Patron, all preparations are complete. The enemy monsters are bewildered by the sudden disappearance of all traps and hindrances. If you’re going to act, now is the best time.>

*Nice timing. Like this, the MOAB will be able to cause maximum destruction.*

In my new form, I was able to use the pinnacle of my [Creation] which was called [Create]. If the former gave form to objects of the past, the latter advanced objects to their future forms. In other words, it guided objects to their evolutions.

Like so, the MOAB evolved. The silver light of [Create] enveloped the weapon and it then turned into an even more fiendish thing.

*Ahh, this feels good. I wonder how much despair and dread I can enjoy if I unleash this thing. These thoughts are making me hungry. Soon, I have to feed soon.*

“Oto-san, Kuina’s also coming as your guard.”

Kuina approached, looked at me, and got frightened.

*What the? I thought this girl liked me but she’s behaving like she loathes me. Does Kuina also need some education?*

When I thought of such, an unspeakable discomfort welled up from within me.

*What is this feeling? Impertinent monsters are unnecessary... no, this girl is an important... I will absolutely not hurt Kuina.*

“Kuina, there’s no need for that. It won’t take me long to go to the next floor, massacre them all, and return.”

The darker-than-black emotion I felt became a little less dark. I might have even smiled when I said such things.

“Master, as a developer, I wish to gather some data. But to do so, I must come with you. May I?”

The next to approach was the silver-haired Rorono.

Data collection was indeed useful so I decided to bring her along but then I realized a problem: if I were to launch the MOAB and then return to the previous dungeon room right away, no data collection could be done. Moreover, to feed on the despair, I also had to be on the same room.

*Ahhhhhh, it’s such a waste of despair and dread. It would have been a buffet but now, it’s gone unless I’m willing to die just for it. Something, there has to be something. Oh yeah, there is one convenient fellow.*

I approached Fel, who was still on the ground with her ears and tail down, and carried her with my left hand.

“Fel, I have a task for you. When I give the signal, expand a time barrier.”

Fel was the only one capable of erecting a time barrier which stopped the flow of time within a certain space. Theoretically, no matter how much attack power there was, nothing should be able to get pass her invincible barrier.

*Moreover, it's a transparent wall which means I will be able to watch as my meal is being cooked. She's quite convenient, that Celestial Wolf.*

“Huh? What?”

“Did you not hear my command?”

*Is she still resisting? Is my teasing not enough?*

“I-I heard. I understand so there's no need to tease my tail in front of everyone! Please only do that when it's just the two of us.”

*What a lovely thing to say. If it's just the two of us, it might lead to something more than just the teasing of her tail.*

“Good girl. If you do a proper job, I'll make you feel better than earlier.”

“Mo-more than earlier? If-if-if you do more than that...”

Fel looked troubled as I continued to carry her in my arm.

“If we have Fel-chan's barrier, Kuina should come too. There might be enemy monsters with abilities like Fel-chan's.”

“Then, I'll go too. I can use my defensive magic spells to help.”

“If that's how it's going to be, then I would like to come as well, my lord. This is a chance for me to gain some precious experience points.”

My monsters—namely Kuina, Aura, and Wight—each also expressed their desire to come along.

If Wight didn't mention it, I would have totally forgotten about the matter of experience points. And so, I, who hated to waste things, had decided to form a party with them and even included R'lyeh Diva.

Carrying Fel with my left arm and the MOAB with my right, I took a step toward the next room.



I had entered the first room of Marcho's final floor.

Since this was the stronghold of the old Demon Lords attacking her dungeon, there were close to a thousand monsters here.

I was also able to confirm that there were Demon Lords here as well.

*They're old Demon Lords so I'm willing to bet they're delicious. Maybe they even have nice fat.*

It seemed like there were also Covenant monsters here that were comparable to even Kuina. Just by looking, I could sense their insane, overwhelming presence and magic power.

*Ahhh, I think I'm drooling. How nice of them to prepare such a feast for me.*

"Aura, continue to produce more flammable air."

"Leave it me."

I had ordered so to further strengthen the MOAB.

*Preliminary preparations are all done. Now, time to feast.*

When the enemy guards noticed us, they shouted their warnings. Soon after, magic spells and breath attacks from the enemy monsters were launched against us.



*Haa, so annoying. Just shut up. You're already dead anyway.*

With my right arm, I threw the ten-ton and ten-meter missile and it flew at a speed that was faster than sound.

After flying for several hundred meters, it then descended and hit the ground.

"Fel, barrier, now"

"U-understood.... Master."

Like planned, Fel erected a Time barrier. Almost right after, the MOAB exploded.

Red... The entire dungeon room was covered in red.

Rather, almost entirely: the red had failed to reach the one-millimeter area around us.

All that overwhelming power, stopped before our eyes.

"HAHAHAHAHAHAHA"

I laughed, I only laughed.

*Such violence. Such beauty. Such art.*

Nearly a thousand monster lives were extinguished and all of those became my nourishment.

*All of their fear and dread have made my belly so full. So delicious! Oh I'm so full, I don't think I can breathe.*

The wings on my back trembled, became even larger, and from two, they increased to four. Moreover, a black horn grew out of my head. After such things, I felt myself become even stronger.

And then, that scene of mayhem vanished completely. Finally, my vision turned back to normal. But what I saw in place of the chaos was just... emptiness. Only traces of the Demon Lord and the thousand monsters remained in the walls and floor of the room.

*This... this... this is my power? What, old Demon Lords? Pfft. What a joke. They're nothing but small fries.*

*"AHAHAHAHAHA"*

*What did I have to fear for all this time? I'm strong. I'm [Creation] Demon Lord Procell, the strongest Demon Lord there is. AAAAHHHH. Such a taste. Fully leveled monsters are delicious but Demon Lords are on a whole other level. After knowing of such taste, just how can I not want more? Gaining abilities just like I did with [Evil]'s is quite the welcome bonus too.*

*Hihihi, I wonder who I'll eat next? Now that I think about it, there is one convenient person whose ability I do want to get my hands on. Plus that person shows their back to me so much, not stabbing it makes less sense.*

<Say Patron, I was able to revert back to normal when I transformed but, well, how do I say this, wouldn't it be embarrassing if you couldn't do the same?>

A voice came from the water in the earring I wore.

"Oto-san, you're making a scary face again. Even though you said you'll be able to revert back to normal?"

"Mhm, I agree with Kuina. That certainly is an amazing power but the usual Father is even more amazing for me. As Father is right now, I can't say I love you."

"I love master no matter which kind but I much prefer you be the *cool master* if possible."

"Yes. I adore you, my lord, but you were much cooler before. We were not worthy of such grace."

My monsters' voices reached my ears and I felt warmth.

The black part of myself, the part dying my soul with desires, faded and I remembered who I truly was little by little until *my real self* finally emerged.

Instead of feeding on despair and sacrificing my beloved monsters, I had decided to build my city.

It was slow but my dreams were finally taking shape thanks to everyone. And even though there was still a lot of work ahead, we had built something that could definitely be called a city.

*Then, can I just throw away that place? No. Absolutely not. There was no way I could dispose of a place where the people I loved lived.*

*I am [Creation] Demon Lord Procell and I am not a tyrannous Demon Lord that only fed on despair.*

I thought that and then smiled. Afterwards, my black wings and horn vanished and my mind became clear.

“Fuu. Sorry, everyone. I went a little overboard. I thought I can handle it this time but it seems I still need some practice.”

“Oto-san, it can’t be helped. But no matter what, we will bring you back again so don’t worry so much.”

After saying so, Kuina gave a triumphal smile and struck her chest. She also swung her fluffy fox tail and it was adorable.

My other monsters smiled toward me as well.

*I see. They are my happiness. I’m such a fool to only realize this now. I will do everything I can to not part with them.*



As I thought of such, I realized something warm and soft was in my left hand. I looked at it and then to Fel who averted looking in my direction, had a red, entranced face, and was speaking to herself.

“Gufufu. Fel contributed too. Master, caress my tail more. More, the tip, oooh. A wicked Demon Lord, huh? I might just get used to being enthralled.”

*I don't know why but Fel's acting all serious. My memories during [Awakening] isn't all that clear. Did something happen? Ugh, I feel a chill down my spine. It's like I've done something I can't recover from.... must be my imagination.*

At any rate, the enemy stronghold had been crushed. By my reckoning, that was 90% of the campaign won. All that was left was to strike the remaining enemy soldiers that were fighting with Marcho's forces from behind and crush them.

Nevertheless, we could not afford to get careless until the very end.

And so, I braced myself.

Also, I intended to indirectly confirm later with Wight about what happened. Just to be sure.

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## TL notes

1. [Creation]=[創造] and [Create]=[創成]. They pretty much mean the same. I considered using Production or some other synonyms but it just didn't feel right/cool enough.

# Chapter 20

## The Reunion with Marcho

Although there were some bit of trouble, we were successful in wiping out the enemy stronghold.

The MOAB made things seem easy but if it wasn't used, we would have been hard-pressed, to say the least.

"I have to make another MOAB that can stand as Avalon's last line of defense... In regards to its performance, I now know for a fact that there is no need for concern and if it can be mass produced, there will no longer be anything but praise to say about it."

I had originally intended for the MOAB to be used as Avalon's final defensive weapon. The plan was to gather as much enemy monsters as possible in my dungeon's last room and then make the MOAB explode, thus turning all of the gathered enemies into ash.

No matter how strong the enemies were, it was impossible for them to be able to break through. The plan also included making my own monsters escape just before the explosion to make the gathering of the enemy monsters more effective.

Despite taking more than one month to make that single MOAB, I was unsure of its performance. Thankfully, without any sort of tests, it worked perfectly.

*That's great and all but there is one issue...*

"Master, Fel has worked hard."

For a while now, Felsias the Celestial Wolf had been sticking close to me.

She was showed off her head as though saying she wanted me to brush it so I did as was asked of me and she smiled ecstatically in return.

*She's acting scarily fond of me.*

I had asked Wight what happened in the duration that I was under the effects of [Awakening]. According to him, my other self unbelievably grabbed Fel's tail, brushed it, and then threatened to do even more terrible things.

Upon hearing that, I decided that I should, no, that I must apologize to her.

*If the [Time] Demon Lord knew of this, it would be trouble. No, regardless of him knowing and taking issue, the fact is that I did such things to Fel who was entrusted to me, and for that, I'm simply the worst. I don't think I can look him in the eye anymore.*

"Fel, a-about earlier,"

"I'm looking forward to the reward of being petted privately. But if master wishes for it, I don't mind enduring being petted in front of everyone..."

It didn't seem like she hated what I had done. Rather, she was expecting for more. It was troubling in a different way.

"Yeah, look forward for it, Fel."

"I will. Ehehe."

She said so and then locked arms with me while swinging her tail.

*I bought some time so I should think of ways to solve this later.*

"Muu, Oto-san, Kuina worked hard too."

"Yes, Fel shouldn't be the only one to receive a reward."

"Yeah, yeah, maybe you can also do those awesome things to us."

Kuina the Celestial Fox, Rorono the Elder Dwarf, and Aura the Ancient Elf all approached and issued out their complaints.

“Of course, I plan on rewarding everyone.”

When I said so, everyone—except Rorono who had a disappointed look in her face—celebrated in delight.

“For your efforts in developing our weapons, I’m going to prepare a special reward for you, Rorono, so don’t pout anymore, ok?”

“...I wasn’t really pouting. But, yeah, thank you, Father.”

Rorono then proceeded to grab the end of my left arm which was the arm not held by Fel.

She might act like she was cool and mysterious but she was actually very easy to read.

By the way, at the moment, we were waiting for the rest of my monsters to catch up so there was no real time lost for our idle chat.

*All complete? Alright, let’s go.*



Before entering the second dungeon room where Marcho’s forces and the enemy forces should be holding their all-out battle, we prepared for the potential last battle of the campaign by employing all possible performance increasing skills and magic.

For example, Rozelitte whom I got from [Wind] Demon Lord Stolas strengthened the entire army while Wight did the same but only to the undead.

We were pulling out all the stops. After all, there was no meaning in holding back anymore.

And so, we advanced. What greeted us was the fierce fight unfolding there.

In palpable desperation, the forces that belonged to the old Demon Lords were repeatedly launching reckless assaults.

It was understandable though. Their base of operations which they could retreat to



was no more; they could no longer expect for supplies; no reinforcement was coming; and they also no longer had an escape route.

They could still win if they could manage to break through Marcho's forces but her monsters weren't generous enough to allow such reckless assaults to pass through.

Marcho's medal was the [Beast] medal.

Its feature was its capability to create monsters that had high physical abilities along with other varying abilities. As a group, they were the strongest.

Individually, her monsters might fall behind in performance to [Time] and [Dragon]'s monsters but taken as group, hers would fare better.

The [Beast] medal itself allowed the creation of monsters that were easy to use in a group—even in hundreds, they could adapt perfectly to small changes in the battlefield—but the main factor for their strength was Marcho herself and her caliber as a Demon Lord.

She loved and was loved by her subordinates. For that reason, her army was strong.

“Now, everyone, rampage as loudly as you could! Attack the enemy in the back!”

My monsters replied with shouts of their own.

The enemy's rear was full of openings and my monsters intended to exploit that.

The ones with guns began firing theirs while the ones without used their magic and breath attacks.

It was an easy hunt.

Obviously, if Marcho's monsters were locked in close range combat with the enemies, it would be hard to distinguish who was friendly and who was not. Even if we were able to do that, preventing friendly fire was still going to be hard.

However, considering that what was ahead of us was only the rear end of the enemy forces and considering that they couldn't just turn around to face us because of Marcho's monsters, things were simple.

Inferior in both quantity and quality, there was no way they could survive for long.

In such a short time, the enemy forces began to perish. And once they showed an opening, their demise came a little bit faster.

Like so, in under two hours, the enemy forces were annihilated. Well, almost annihilated since some were spared so that information could be extracted from them. To prevent the survivors from committing suicide, strong paralyzing poison was applied.

“Is it over?”

With this, Marcho’s dungeon was probably safe for moment.

*We won.* Such feelings welled up within me.

Marcho’s forces then parted and in the center was a giant wolf which was taller than I was.

It was a monster that fought vigorously in the previous battle.

It had grey pupils and a coat of fur so beautiful that it could make one sigh. Despite its killing intent that could make one’s soul freeze, it was very noble.

That wolf then began to walk toward me slowly. After a while, its body shined and it changed its form into the shape of a humanoid.

The light faded and what appeared was a brown-skinned, beautiful woman that had white hair and a wolf’s ears and tail.

It was the person that I came here to help. It was my guardian. It was Marcho.

“Procell, I believe I told you to not come.”

Her smile was wry but in her voice was unconcealed joy.

Urged by something, I rushed forward and embraced her.

“I was worried, Marcho. Very worried.”

When I felt Marchos’ warmth and tenderness, the feeling of accomplishment rushed to me. *I did it, I did it without losing her.*

“Sorry.... you must think I’m useless right now, don’t you? After all, if you didn’t come, I might have been defeated and killed, my crystal broken, and my beloved monsters gone. So, thank you for coming.”

When Marcho said so, she then parted from our embrace, placed her hands on my shoulders, and looked me straight in the eye.

“I’m glad that you came but as your guardian, I must say this: what you did was suicidal. It’s impossible for a new Demon Lord like you to remain safe after challenging old Demon Lords to a fight. Things might have turned out alright for the moment but I assure you, things will get much harder from now on.”

As she said, it was probable that I would be continuously targeted by the Demon Lords I fought this time. But...

“I know and I’m prepared. I’ve considered all that and in the end, I still wanted to come. I’d much rather have that than let you be killed.”

Marcho’s face grew red but more interestingly, the expression on her face was more innocent than usual. It was my first time to see her look like that.

“Yeah, you’re an adult now, no longer a child. You just made my heart skip a beat.... ahhh, I should be angry right now but after hearing that, how can I stay mad?”



Marcho and I then laughed together. *Thank goodness, we can laugh together like this again.*

“...Procell. Your reward will be all of me. My dungeon, my monsters, my treasures, all of it, I want to entrust it to you. I know it’s a selfish request but from now on, will you, in my absence, please protect my dungeon and my monsters? If it’s you, I’ll have no worries.”

She said such words with a smile and in a refreshing tone but somehow, those words made me feel uneasy.

# Epilogue

## The Bride of [Creation]

Marcho said that in exchange for rewarding me with all that she was, I had to protect her dungeon and her monsters.

*Is it just me or is she saying she'll be completely gone right away?*

"Marcho, wait, what do you mean by that?"

"In this war, you see, I kinda overdid it. My monsters had reached their limits long before your potions arrived. So, to support the frontlines, I had to use that power. I'm talking about [Awakening]."

*[Awakening]? Marcho has that power too? Wait, no, of course she has it. That's nothing to be surprised about. If even I managed to Awaken, it's impossible for her not to.*

"What does using [Awakening] have to do with anything?"

"You've already Awakened, right? I mean, I've heard from the subordinates I posted that you did. Anyway, don't use that power without thought, okay? Using it for a little while's fine but using it continuously and repeatedly will cause your existence to be consumed and your lifespan to be shortened... just like me. I don't have much time left anymore. I'm starting to feel my existence crumbling. I don't know whether I'll still be fine after a day, an hour, or just a few more moments; I have no idea. All that I know is that the being that is [Beast] Demon Lord Marchosias will very soon be gone."

I was at a loss for words.

My head was full of ifs and questions and among them was *did I not make it in time?*

"Don't make that face, Procell. You were just in time. It's precisely because you were that I am able to stand here and entrust my beloved monsters to you. Most of all, I'm very glad to see your smiling face again. I would have hated it so much for us to part

while on bad terms. Now, I can pass away without regrets.”

*Don't screw with me. I came here because I wanted to be with Marcho longer. There's no sense if I end up alone. I won't accept such an outcome.*

“The power to help you, I have it. I mean we can use the power I received from the Creator to solve this.”

I was talking about [Rebirth]. It was a power I received as a reward from the [War] with Stolas.

With it, I was able to turn somebody into a medal and have that medal be used in Synthesis, making that individual stronger than before. If I used this power, even someone whose lifespan was spent would be able to live long life.

“I'll pass. I'd like to accept my end and die properly as a Demon Lord.”

“I don't believe it! If that was the case, then why bother surviving long enough to hand your monsters over to me? You're reluctant in dying, aren't you? You're worried for the ones you'll leave behind, right? Well, if you won't accept the option of living longer, I won't accept the responsibility of taking care of your monsters. You said that my reward was all of you but doesn't that include you yourself??”

Even I thought I was being a coward for holding her monsters hostage just to get what I wanted. Nevertheless, I would rather do so than have her gone.

“That way of arguing is unfair. Very well, since you seem like you won't be convinced with this kind of explanation... and given that these are to be my final moments, well, I guess there's no harm in telling you the truth. For a very long time now, I have wanted to join the person I loved in death.”

“Eh?”

I issued out a dumb response to her entirely unexpected reply.

“Do you remember the medals I first gave you? One was my [Beast] and the other was [Flame]. The one I’m talking about is the owner of that medal. The [Flame] Demon Lord Amon. He was the first Demon Lord<sup>Person</sup> I ever loved. Oh, but it was unrequited though. Anyway, I was there when Amon died. I still remember it. I cried then as you are now.”

It was only when she mentioned it that I noticed that tears were flowing in my cheeks. These tears were the first tears of the Demon Lord known as Procell.

“Back then, I wanted to follow him. But, you see, that person made me promise. To live out my life as a Demon Lord to the very end. It was because I made that promise that I am still alive to this day, that I held on until my proper end comes. And today, that end has finally come.”

“...Marcho, all this while, you wanted to die?”

“I wouldn’t put it that way. What I wanted, all this time, is to be with that person. Procell, you’ve grown splendidly and that has made me finally proud of my life. So, won’t you just please send me off with a smile? As my last request to you?”

With her answer of refusal, the distance between our hearts grew.

In my chest, I felt an emotion as strong as the sadness I felt: Anger.

I thought her story and her love was beautiful. I thought it to be noble. But, even so...

“Don’t screw with me”

I screamed like so.

“If I were to agree to that, I wouldn’t have come here in the first place and challenged those old Demon Lords. I want you to live, Marcho. That is why I came here.”

Those were my true feelings. I knew I was being selfish like a child but I had to say it out loud.



Marcho, with a desolate yet somewhat glad look on her face, then spoke.

“It’s already been decided. But, I appreciate that you thought that much.”

I then embraced her.

“Do you remember what you said when I left your dungeon?”

“Why that all of a sudden?”

“You spoke back then about wanting me to embrace you, to etch my very essence into you. Well, I’m going to now.”

“Eeeehhhhhhhhhhh? Procell, wait, do you even know what you’re saying right now!?”

While within my arms, Marcho was dumbfounded.

“I’m going to make you forget about your former love. So live. I’ll make you never again think about reuniting in death with that man. I’m going to make you want to live because of me. I’m going to be the more desirable man.”

What I was saying was absurd. I didn’t even understand it all.

Even so, I didn’t mind.

In fear of her going someplace else, I continued to hug her.

Marcho seemed troubled at first but soon returned my embrace.

“Haa, geez. You’re so selfish. Can you not still last a day without mommy?”

Unable to endure it anymore, laughter escaped from lips.

“I can. You said it yourself, I’m a full-pledge man now. More than that, I’m a man that’s courting the woman I love.... Marcho, be mine. I’ll make you happy. I’ll risk my life for you. Always.”

I vigorously gave her my proposal.

I just laid my feelings bare without any plan. Beyond that, I had no idea what would happen.

“Geez. I can’t shake you off, can I? Do you find it fun to hit on an old bird like me?”

I answered her not with words but with a kiss. Thankfully, she did not reject it.

“This is my answer. I’ll say it again, Marcho. Be mine.”

Her face bright red, she opened her eyes. She then withdrew her face and smiled. It wasn’t a wry smile either but one from the bottom of her heart.

“You know, actually, I always thought you resembled that first love of mine and that’s why I took a liking to you.”

I had been repeatedly told by [Time] and [Dragon] that I resembled [Flame]. Each time that was said, it made me feel a bit depressed. Like I was just some kind of replacement for that guy.

But if that was what it would take to make Marcho stay, then it was fine by me.

“But I know better now. You and that person are completely different. You’re more pushy, selfish, and obstinate.... but you’re also a very charming man. So, I guess, I want to see more of you, more closely.”

“Are you?”

“It can’t be helped. I accept your offer. I’m going to live for a little bit longer. I’m willing to be born again. Ahh, this makes me a cheater, doesn’t it? But don’t worry, after this, I’m going to be truly faithful. To you.”

Marcho stretched out her hand and I grasped it with mine.

“Can I take it that you’re accepting me?”

“Yeah. And that I’m entrusting myself to you, Procell.”

And thus, I began.

“[Rebirth]”

I recited the words of power. Marcho’s body was then covered in light. Had she not accepted me, [Rebirth] would have failed right away.

Her shining body then transformed into particles of light and those specks gathered in the hand that I used to hold hers. What then formed in my hand was a medal: the [Beast God] medal.

It was a medal that was even better than the [Beast] medal.

Next, I took out another medal and placed it in my hand. That medal was the [King] medal that [Time] gave me.

It was a special medal. It didn’t belong to any particular Demon Lord. Instead, it was the kind of medal that could only be gotten as a reward from the Creator.

The [Time] Demon Lord gave me such an absurd medal so that it could be used on Marcho without hesitations. An act of love, so to speak.

I also took out a third medal: my [Creation].

With all three, I was ready. I closed my hand and recited another word of power.

“[Synthesis]”

I said so and felt the temperature within my hand rise.

Next, my [Creation] began to transform. My [Creation] had the ability to transform into whatever attribute the user wanted and, for Marcho’s rebirth, I wanted it to be

[Light].

I wanted her to be my light.

Originally, all that was left to do was leave it up to luck. However, with my [Creation], it was possible to select the desired future from the countless possible ones.

And so countless futures came and went in my mind. If it was as usual, I would have just picked from the ones that were available but for this time, I decide to look for more. In reaction to my wish, more outcomes were produced.

Still not satisfied, I searched for more and, again, more possibilities were presented to me. I did so over and over again until I couldn't process them anymore. I became overloaded with information.

But then, I heard Marcho's voice. At that, I reflexively smiled. I wasn't alone in this; Marcho was with me, extending her hand as well. And so, we grabbed the future we wanted and smiled together.

The light that escaped from my closed hand became even more intense, more dazzling than ever before.

I then opened my hand. The light turned into particles, gathered in one place, and formed a humanoid shape. After a short while the light then stopped.

In its place was...

A brown-skinned beautiful woman with a white wolf's ears and tail.

Marcho.

Her features remained mostly the same. Originally though, she was a woman that appeared to be in the latter half of her twenties. Right now, however, she looked slightly younger, like a woman in the latter half of her teens.

Also, on the matter of her attire, on her head was a small crown and on her body, she was wearing a snow-white dress.

"And so, I've become yours. I'm in your care now and forevermore, Procell."

Without a doubt, it was truly Marcho.

I then ignored her outstretched hand and hugged her instead.

Seeing that, my and her monsters cheered.

【創造】の魔王

プロケル

【獣】の魔王

マルコシアス

これからもよろしく、プロケル





Taking that as a sign of their blessing, we kissed.

In reaction, more cheers erupted.

...it was a little embarrassing, to be honest. The monsters' reaction was a bit too much.

Nevertheless, that didn't mean everyone was pleased.

Kuina, Rorono, and Fel all puffed their faces and pouted. Aura, meanwhile, smiled but her eyes did not. Also, Rozelite, the monster I received from [Wind] Demon Lord Stolas, had a troubled look on her face.

*I guess I got to follow up on them later. First though, we should return to our city. Everything would have to wait until after that. Oh, maybe later I should throw a grand feast and invite [Dragon], [Time], and [Wind]. It'll probably be an eventful and entertaining feast, in more ways than one.*

“To Avalon”

It had been only for a short while but it felt like forever to me since I left my home.



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